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(Frontispiece.)

THE BRAVE BOY.

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INLETS AND OUTLETS.

FAMILIAR TALKS ABOUT THE FIVE SENSES.

BY THE

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AUTHOR OF "AMONG THE LILIES," ETC.



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INLETS AND OUTLETS.

THE BODY.



FLOWER is more wonderful than a stone, because it has life. A butterfly is more wonderful than a flower, because it has feeling as well as life. A child is more wonderful than a butterfly, because it has a soul that knows good from evil. And now I want to tell you some things about this highest, noblest life that will help you to understand how wonderful it is.

First, I will speak of the body—the living temple in which the living soul dwells.

How, then, is the body constructed, and how is its life prolonged from day to day? It is formed very much like a tree or a

flower or a stalk of wheat, in some respects, and lives on very much in the same way.

If you examine a flower, you notice that the leaves and expanded buds are supported by a stem, and this answers the same purpose as the framework of the human body, which consists of no less than two hundred and forty-six bones. Every tree eats and breathes, or it could not live. The root has many little mouths, and these drink in the food, and this food becomes sap, which is the blood of the tree, and contains what makes the wood and the leaves and the fruit. And as the sap flows along from branch to branch each leaf takes what it wants and lets the rest pass on, and each apple or pear takes what it wants and lets the rest pass on. And all the while the leaves are acting the part of lungs, and breathe in and out very much as you breathe.

Thus the food you eat is changed into blood, and this blood contains all that is

needed for the repair of the body, which would otherwise waste away and die.

This circulation of the blood is wonderful. It begins at the heart and ends at the heart, and in going round reaches the very tips of the fingers, just as the sap reaches the most distant leaf of the tree. The little tubes or blood-vessels through which the blood flows have been likened to so many canals, and the particles of blood to so many boats laden with food for different towns along the route. When the heart beats, it is the signal for these boats to start on their voyage. First, the whole fleet passes through the large canal that is nearest the heart, but soon the boats begin to separate, and some pass into the canal by which Shoulder town is supplied, whilst others go to Elbow town and unload part of their freight, and thence proceed through branch canals and supply the wants of the immediate neighborhood. Meanwhile, other boats have entered canals that lead to Wrist

town and Hand town, which are respectively supplied. Here the two canals form a junction across the palm, and thus Palm town is supplied; and at this point they branch off, so as to allow the boats to supply the four Finger towns and Thumb town.

Then these boats carry not only food, but fuel also, to the different towns. And then too each of these towns has refuse or waste material to be taken away, and to do this other boats are ready, and pass through other canals back to the heart again. Then this waste material is sent by the heart to the lungs, where it is purified, and fitted thus for another voyage.

These canals through which the blood is continually passing to and fro, going out by the arteries and returning by the veins, lie so close to each other that if you prick yourself with the finest needle you will be sure to strike one or more of them and cause the blood to flow out. It takes the boats just two minutes to make the voyage from

the heart and back again, and during these two minutes twenty pounds of blood or more pass through the heart. Is it not true that we are fearfully and wonderfully made?

And now let me tell you about certain thread-like arrangements called *nerves*.

When you put your finger on the hot stove, you say it burns. How do you know it burns? Because the nerves tell you so. And then you pull your finger quickly away, because other nerves enable you to do it. What, then, are the nerves? They are little threads that run through every part of the body like telegraphic wires, and tell the head what is going on here, there and everywhere. If in plucking a rose you wound your hand with a thorn, there is a wide-awake nerve that says, "Be careful; you are hurting yourself."

Without these little tell-tales stationed in every part of the body to keep watch by day and by night, you would not feel a cut

or a bruise, or any pain whatever. But it would not be wise to wish them away, because they always tell the truth, and are therefore among the best friends you have. They warn you of danger and help you to escape from it. When your head aches, it is the knocking of the nerves at the door, telling you that all is not right, that you have, perhaps, eaten too much or broken some one of nature's laws.

In this respect the nerves are very much like conscience when it troubles you and makes you feel unhappy because you have done something wrong. Yet it would be very unwise to wish there were no conscience; for if you are in danger of committing sin, or if you have committed it, you ought to know it, and be thankful for the pain that warns you against it.

The nerves are like conscience too in another respect, for they produce sensations of pleasure as well as of pain.

From what I have said, you are now

aware that these thread-like arrangements are of two kinds—those by which we *feel* and those by which we *act*. Without the last kind, which are called *nerves of motion*, you could not walk, or lift a finger, or speak, or sing, or kiss those you love. I ask again, are we not fearfully and wonderfully made?

All this is due to what is called *life*, of which we know very little more than that it is the power of God working in us. If you examine carefully a dead bird, you find the blood-vessels and the nerves all perfectly formed; but the blood does not flow, nor do the nerves speak and act, because life, the motive-power, is gone, just as the motive-power is gone from a steam-engine when the fire is out.

But this is not all that might be said of the living temple into which God has put the living soul. Nor would I be able to say all if I were to try. I will only add that this temple has inlets and outlets, or doors and windows, through which the light

comes, and objects are seen that are outside, and visitors enter, and the soul itself goes out to keep company with other souls and to do good or evil, as it may be inclined.

Now, the human body owes its chief importance to the fact that it is a convenient dwelling-place for the soul. So far as mere life is concerned, the life of a tree is just as wonderful as the life of a bird or a man. But then the bird has feeling and something like a will, which the tree has not, and man has conscience and a soul, which do not belong either to bird or tree; and so we rise step by step until we reach God's noblest work on earth, which I am safe in saying is a pure-minded, dutiful, loving, Christ-like child.

What is the difference between a kiss and a blow? Just the difference there is between love and hate. And what makes the difference? Not the nerve-force that strikes the blow or gives the kiss, but the soul that orders the thing to be done.

When an old man entered a railway-car at one of the stations, and a boy rose promptly and said politely, "Take my seat, sir," it was the nerve-force that enabled this boy to move and speak, but it was his generous, reverential spirit that prompted the nerve-force to act as it did.

Dick had been called a rough, selfish boy. But his heart had become tender and penitent and loving, and as he sat beside his mother with his hand in hers, he said, feelingly, "Mother, I mean to try to live like a child of God." It was the same nerve-force that enabled him formerly to utter the unkind, impatient words that pained his mother's heart and now the filial, God-fearing words that drew the kiss from her lips and the tear of joy from her eye; and when he left the skating-ground in the midst of the sport, and went home because he remembered the little sick brother who looked wistfully after him as he shut the door, it was the same nerve-force that would have

acted if he had remained with the skaters, instead of going to amuse a lonely brother.

Most of our actions, those for which we are responsible, are determined by the will, and whether it is a kiss or a blow depends upon the will. In other words, the nerves that move the hand to perform generous or unkind deeds are ruled by the feelings of the soul; and when these feelings are in accordance with God's will, it is always the good deed, and never the evil deed.

When David said, "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," he doubtless thought of the soul as well as the body; and when he said, "Whither shall I flee from thy presence?" it was of the soul he spoke, and of the impossibility of its hiding itself from the eye of God. The body is wonderful in its construction, but the soul is more wonderful still—has more wonderful powers.

Last summer you were on the seashore or in the silent woods, or you climbed the mountains and gathered wild flowers in

your walks, and since then you have been many times among those pleasant scenes—not in body, but in mind,—in thought, in feeling, perhaps in your dreams. That is to say, your soul has stepped out and wandered off two or three hundred miles from its accustomed dwelling-place without asking leave of absence. This is the soul's privilege—to go to the very ends of the earth, and even to the stars, if it has learned the way, and back again in a single moment.

Mark now what David says in view of all this: “I will *praise* thee, *because* I am fearfully and wonderfully made.”

God made the body and the soul, as he made the flowers and grass, for his own praise and glory. But whilst things that have life without feeling or knowledge praise him continually—the trees in their growth, and the flowers in their bloom and sweetness—and whilst things that have life and feeling do the same—the birds in their

songs, the bees in their industry, and all in their observance of God's laws—man, God's noblest work, with reason and conscience to guide him, brings shame upon himself, and would bring shame upon his Maker were it in his power.

How, then, are you to praise God? By serving him with your body and your soul, for they are both his. The body is the temple in which the soul worships, and the temple must be kept holy. The body is the instrument with which the soul does its work, and the instrument must be kept in good repair and be used aright. The body as well as the soul must be obedient to God, for the soul cannot be as God would have it while the body is the servant of sin.

Let me hang up two or three pictures that will show you what I mean.

The first is that of a boy of singular beauty who, when an orphan, was adopted by a gentleman of wealth and sent to school. Here he learned all the sports,

tricks and battles of the play-ground. But before his school days were ended he became wild and reckless. At an age when most boys value money only as an exchange for toys and candies, he spent his in gambling. Yet so wonderful were his powers of mind that with all his dissoluteness he was among the first scholars of his class. He entered the university, and here his vices soon led to his expulsion. Then he gambled more deeply than ever until his money was gone, and he could get no more. After this an appointment was secured for him as a cadet at West Point, but in ten months he was cashiered for neglect of duty and disobedience of orders occasioned by his intemperate habits. At length he married a gentle girl who strove to be his guardian angel, but she had no power to check his vices, and he dragged her into extreme poverty and kept her there until she died. This young man, with his broad and lofty brow and dark, lustrous eyes, could be seen

day after day begging of tavern-keepers for the drunkard's bliss, and then drinking and drinking until he fell beneath the table and his noble brow and delicate lips pressed the bar-room floor, and thus he went on in his reckless way until he left the world in drunkenness and shame.

This is a dark picture—so dark and terrible that you do not want to look at it. I do not think that any one of you would pull up a flower or tread on a worm out of mere sport. I am quite sure you would not break a beautiful shell, or a musical instrument that could be wound up and set to playing sweet music for you. Yet there are many who do far worse than this. They defile and ruin the soul, and tear to pieces the temple in which God placed it to offer praise to him.

Now I will hang up another picture, and a more pleasant one. It is that of an only child—a girl who was deprived of her parents at an early age, and was brought up

under the care of a widowed grandmother. Her education was merely such as could be obtained at a village school, though she improved her mind greatly by self-tuition in after years. At the age of fourteen she passed a year in learning the business by which she was to earn her bread—dress-making. The preparation for her great life-work, however, was the teaching of a class in a Sunday-school and the occasional reading of the Scriptures in the sick ward of the workhouse. Thus she drank deeply of the spirit of that book “which ever tells of mercy.”

In this spirit she became an occasional prison visitor. The first prisoner whom she met was a woman, an unnatural mother who had cruelly beaten and ill-used her own child. To this wicked mother she told why she had come, and spoke to her kindly, tenderly, of her guilt and her need of God’s mercy, when the poor penitent woman thanked her and burst into tears. Those

tears and thanks shaped the whole course of Sarah Martin's after life.

These visits were repeated as often as she could spare time from her daily labors. After a while she gave a day in a week from her dress-making. She prevailed on the prisoners to have a religious service on the Sabbath, when one read to the rest; and at length she took charge of the service herself. It was not very long before customers began to fall off, and then they disappeared altogether. Now the question was whether she should go on with her benevolent labors, though they led to utter poverty; and this was the answer given to the question, in her own words: "In the full occupation of dress-making, I had care with it and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported. God was my Master, and would

not forsake his servant ; he was my Father, and could not forget his child." From that hour she gave herself wholly to the work God had put into her hands, and never found his promises to fail.

Here, then, are two pictures very unlike ; and since you have looked at them somewhat closely, you will be able to tell which you like best. Here are two lives—the one life treading in paths of usefulness, searching for duties as if they were sweet flowers and luscious fruits, wearing them as if they were finest jewels, feeding upon them as if they were richest food on the table of the home of poverty ; the other life reeling in paths of shame, charred and killed by vice, as if a noble tree, blackened and burnt, had set itself on fire.

I know which life you would rather have for yours. You would rather visit Yarmouth jail and read the words of Jesus to the prisoners there, and teach them how to sing and pray, and become honest and pure,

than to break in pieces the wonderful body God has given you, and destroy the more wonderful soul.

I have several other sketches that I would like to hang up if you had time to look at them. Here is one that you may put in some little corner of your memory if you will. It is entitled DEVOTION OF A GREAT MIND TO ITS DUTIES. It represents John Milton, the writer of *Paradise Lost*, who during an active life in the most troublesome times was unceasing in the cultivation of his understanding, as thus describing his own habits.

“Those morning haunts,” he says, “are where they should be, at home; not sleeping or planning the surfeits of an irregular feast, but up and stirring; in winter, often ere the sound of any bell awakes men to labor and devotion; in the summer, as oft with the bird that first rouses, or not much tardier, to read good authors or cause them to be read; then with useful and generous

labors preserving the body's health and hardiness, so as to render lightsome and clear the obedience of the mind to the cause of religion and our country's liberty."

Were I to hang up any other pictures, they would be those of Samuel serving the Lord early, and of Timothy taught by his mother and grandmother to read and obey the Holy Scriptures, and of Jesus, best and brightest of all. But you have copies of these already in your memory, I think; and I hope in your heart likewise.

"He liveth long who liveth well.
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

"He liveth long who liveth well.
All else is being thrown away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.


"Sow truth, if thou the truth wouldst reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

“Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.”

SIGHT.

The light of the body is the eye.

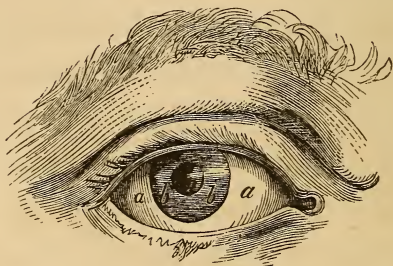
S I G H T .

 HE eye is both an inlet and an outlet for the thoughts of the mind and the feelings of the soul. Trees and flowers and stars, and all beautiful things, enter it, and often things that are not beautiful; and the joy or impatience or anger created by these visitors walk out of the eye just as plainly and just as really as people walk out of the open door, or as the bird that has escaped from its cage flies out of the open window.

You can easily tell whether your friend is sad or happy by looking at his eye, because the sadness or the happiness that is in his soul walks through his eye into yours. If you have a thought in your soul that you are ashamed of, you turn your eyes away from those you meet, or you let the lids fall

over them, for you know very well that if others are allowed to look in, they will be sure to see the mean company you keep.

Call the eye either a door or a window, and certain it is that no such door or window was ever made by the hand of man. I have told you that the human body is a temple in which the soul dwells, and in which it is to worship God ; but no painted window

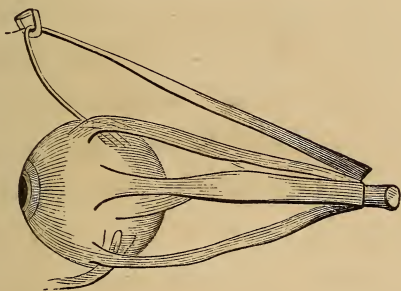


THE EYE—FRONT VIEW.

or carved door of any church was ever so beautiful or wonderful as the human eye.

First, as to its shape and color. It is a hollow globe like a soap-bubble ; only the outside is stronger and tougher and more pliable than the shell of an egg. This globe is set in a bony socket, and is protected from

injury by the rim of this socket, as you can feel by passing your hand around your eye. Were it not for these bones, the eye would be destroyed very often by blows that now do little harm. The eyeball can be easily moved, so as to look up or down, right or left. How is this managed? Look at the engraving of "the eye-ball with its muscles," given below, and you will see. There are



THE EYE-BALL, WITH ITS MUSCLES.—SIDE VIEW.

muscles attached to it by which it is drawn in the direction desired by its owner.

This globe is for the most part white, but in front there are two circles, the one in the centre always black, the one surrounding this either blue, or gray, or hazel, (see *b*, *b*,

on the cut on page 30), and at the same time so mottled as to have received the name of *iris*, which means the *rainbow*. In the engraving of the eye here given, you will see the outside tough coat of the eyeball, called the *sclerotic*, marked *a, a*. This forms the “white of the eye.” Then you will notice the dark circle, *b, b*—this is the *iris* of the eye; whilst the darker circle within is the opening through which the rays of light get inside of the eye. The light enters the globe only through the inner circle; and this inner circle is not always equally large, for the colored circle that surrounds it is really a self-acting curtain, which, when the light is very bright, closes upon the inner circle or opening through which the light passes, and makes it smaller.

This you can readily see if you close your eyes for a few moments, and then open them suddenly and look into a mirror, for you will notice that the round black spot, which grew larger when your eyes were shut, be-

comes less in size, until it is just large enough to admit the light that is needed for the room inside.

Only think how wonderful it would be if the window-curtains of a house could be so made as to open of themselves when the sky was cloudy or the night was coming on, and draw themselves together as the darkness was passing away !

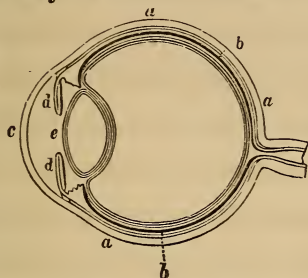
When you sleep, the shutters fall over the windows without your help, to keep them from being injured ; and when you are awake, the shutters fall and rise frequently, not only to keep out the dust, but to wipe it away when it does get on ; so that the glass is always clean and bright. The shutters, called eyelids, are wonderful too, softer than the softest silk or chamois leather, and there is a little fountain that is always overflowing and furnishes the water for their work. Sometimes, when the feelings are strongly excited, this fountain overflows more than at other times, and then there is weeping,

and the big tears that roll out do the soul good, as well as the eye.

The window behind which the curtain hangs is shaped like the crystal of a watch. (See *c* in the engraving on page 35.) Beyond the curtain is a transparent, glass-like *lens*, shaped like two bows put together, so as to form a figure with two rounded sides. Beyond this, the round room is filled with a liquid through which the light finds its way to the inside walls. These walls are black, and upon them is a thread-like arrangement, as if a cup-shaped flower made of finest lace were spread over them. This lace-work is called the retina, and all the threads of which it is formed come together at the back eye in a stem called the optic nerve, which runs back to the brain. On the retina, with its lace-work of nerves, the pictures of trees and flowers and loved friends are formed, and along the optic nerve these pictures are carried to the mind.

Perhaps an engraving will help you to un-

derstand this better. Here is a section of the eye, or the way it would look if cut in half.



SECTION OF THE EYE.

C is the *cornea*—"the window," we have called it; *d, d*, the *iris*, or curtain; *e*, the opening for the light—the *pupil* of the eye; back of it is the *lens*, through which the pictures pass to the round room filled with liquid, and *b*, the black-coated surface on which the rays of light fall; *a, a*, is the tough outside coat, called the *sclerotic*.

In this little room, the eye, the images of objects much larger than yourself are drawn—large houses and lofty mountains, meadows with sheep and oxen, and wide rivers, all enter the eye at once. The strange thing is that though the pictures must be very small the objects they represent appear to the mind as large as they really are.

This is due in part to our having seen these objects so often.

Thus you learn to measure distances, and know that the house a mile off, which to the young child would appear very small, is as large as the house you live in.

I remember sailing down the Chesapeake Bay when I was five years old. The houses on the shore were so far off that they seemed to my childish fancy no larger than so many bird-cages; and when I questioned the sailors, who had discovered my mistake, about their use, they found it no hard task to persuade me that the bats lived in them; and for a long time after I desired to possess one of these bat-homes with the smoke curling out of the tiny chimney.

To the very young child all objects seem equally near, and he tries to clutch the moon just as eagerly as he tries to clutch the candle. But the wonder is that the pictures of the moon and the candle and the faces we love should be painted in this globe-shaped little room at all—that the leaves of the tree should be drawn there, not as leaves are

drawn on canvas by the hand of man, but trembling in the wind, and changing color every moment as they turn their faces to the light or turn them away. I will not try to make this wonder plain to you, for I am not sure that an angel could do that.

All these impressions go from the eye to the soul. You look at a flower, and it makes you happy. You see the humming-bird thrust its long slender bill into the flower-cup, and you notice the rapid motion of its wings and its brilliant feathers; and you cry out, "Oh how beautiful!" because your pleasure is so great that you have more than enough, and want others to share it. The shells on the sea-shore, the little rainbow that looks out of the dewdrop, the bright stars and the fire-fly with its tiny lantern, all make the soul glad through the eye.

These beautiful pictures, thus painted on the wall of the little round room, quickly disappear one after the other to make way for new ones. But not until they have been

transferred to the memory. There they are put away as the artist puts away his sketches between the covers of his portfolio, and the mind often looks at them and the soul is impressed by them long after they have faded from the eye.

Now, you know there are many things you cannot see, either because they are so far off or because they are so small. But the telescope and the microscope have been invented as helps for the eye; by means of the first distant objects are brought near; by means of the second very small objects are greatly enlarged. With the one we look at the stars, or at the distant ship that to the naked eye is but a speck on the sea; with the other we look at the tiniest insect or the pistils and stamens of the flower; and new wonders both in the heavens and on the earth are thus revealed to us. The glasses that give these instruments their power are shaped like the lens, as it is called, that is set behind the curtain of the eye; so that in forming the

eye God furnished the model for these contrivances.

The telescope is used chiefly for the study of the heavens; and if King David had had one, supposing he had not, his conceptions of God's wisdom and love would have been even more overpowering than they were. But it is often put to other uses.

A gentleman who lived near the Hudson was accustomed to look through the telescope that stood upon the porch of his house at the steamboat as it came up the river, to see whether the friends he expected were on board. This same gentleman had many hands at work on his farm of six hundred acres. He made it a rule that no one should smoke on the grounds during working-hours; and more than once, by means of his telescope, did he detect one and another in the far distance breaking the rule. No matter how short the pipe was, it could be plainly seen; and even the smoke was visible as it curled up from the forbidden bowl.

Another gentleman pointed his telescope one day across the river, and at the distance of a mile or more saw a lady friend walking upon the lawn in front of her dwelling, and the next day described to her minutely the very dress she wore. The lady seemed not altogether pleased with having been thus scrutinized when she thought she was alone. The reply of the gentleman to her complaining was: "How seldom do we think that there is an Eye ever upon us from which we cannot hide, and which discerns not only the color of the dress, but also the secrets of the heart!"

One day the astronomer Mitchell was engaged in making some observations on the sun, and as it descended toward the horizon, just as it was setting, there came into the range of the great telescope the crest of a hill some miles away. On the top of that hill was a large number of apple trees, and in one of them were two boys stealing apples. One was getting the apples, and the other

was watching to make certain that nobody saw them, feeling that they were undiscovered. But there sat Professor Mitchell, miles away, with the great eye of his telescope directed fully upon them, seeing every movement they made as plainly as if he had been under the tree with them. So it is often with children, and also with grown persons. Because they do not see the Eye that watches with a sleepless vigilance, they think they are not seen. But the great open eye of God is upon them, and not an action can be concealed. There is not a deed, there is not a word, there is not a thought, which is not known to God.

The microscope reveals what was once a hidden world. Place a flower under it, and new wonders are brought to light. Perhaps you will see magnificent apartments like those of a palace inhabited by beings more brilliant than gold and precious stones, and that were quite invisible to the naked eye. Seen under the microscope, every particle of dust on the butterfly's wing is a beautiful and

regularly organized feather, and the mouldy substance that usually adheres to damp bodies exhibits a forest of trees and plants whose branches, leaves and fruit are plainly distinguished.

A microscope, it is said, has recently been constructed in New York which magnifies objects nine thousand million times. At this rate of enlargement, an ordinary fly could cover a space equal to New York city below Wall street, a man would appear more than a hundred miles high, and a hair of the ordinary length from a lady's head would reach half-way from New York to New Haven. Yet under this enormous magnifying power the creations of the Lord only display new beauties. A microscopic shell, called an *angulatum*, of which about one hundred and forty, placed end to end, will reach an inch, and which, when examined under ordinarily powerful microscopes, is simply marked with lines of the most exquisite delicacy, exhibits under the new in-

strument half globes of white flint whose diameters appear to be an inch and three quarters, and of which only fifteen can be seen at once. In reality, the point of a cambric needle is larger than the circle upon which these fifteen half globes exist, and yet that circle appears like a dessert-plate covered with lady-apples.

But I cannot tell you of all the wonders which the eye, aided or unaided, reveals to the soul. You see many of them every day, and you would see more if you used your eyes right.

Are you in want of amusement? You need not go far to get it. There is not a leaf or a pebble that will not entertain you if you seek its acquaintance. There are friends all around you; the birds, the insects, the moss that grows on the rocks and the rocks on which it grows, all say, "Come with us, and we will do you good."

That you may know these friends the better, buy a magnifying-glass such as you can

carry in your pocket with the first dollar you can earn and feel at liberty to spend for yourself. Carry it with you wherever you go, especially when you walk along the shore of the sea or in the woods. Beneath every stone there may be a study—something that God has made for you to look at, and that will tell you more of his wisdom and love than you knew before.

On old fences and the bark of trees you will find curious plants called lichens, their short stems sometimes bearing red or orange-colored crowns, interspersed with strangely-formed leaves that do not wither; and among the shadows of these leaves and beneath these coral-like crowns you may see the little winged creatures that have chosen these forests for their summer homes. The fern, and the clover-blossom, and the feather that has dropped from the wing of some free, happy bird, are all waiting to tell you something new.

“Eyes or no eyes?” is the question that may determine what you are, and what you

are to be—whether you are making little or much of life, whether you are laying up knowledge every day, or whether you are empty-minded, unable to amuse yourself or instruct others.

“That boy,” said a gentleman, “always seems to me to be on the lookout for something to see.”

So he was. While waiting in a newspaper-office for a package, he learned, by using his eyes, how a mailing machine was operated. While he waited at the florist's, he saw the man setting a great box of cuttings, and learned by the use of his eyes what he never would have guessed—that slips rooted best in nearly pure sand.

“This is lapis-lazuli,” said the jeweler to his customer, “and this is chrysoprase.”

The wide-awake errand-boy so used his eyes that in future he knew just how those precious stones looked. In one day he learned of the barber what became of the hair-clippings; of the carpenter, how to drive a nail

so as not to split the wood ; of the shoemaker, how the different surfaces of fancy leathers are made ; of a locust, that its mouth was of no use to it in singing ; from a scrap of newspaper, where sponges are to be obtained ; and from an old Irishwoman, how to keep stove-pipes from rusting—only bits and fragments of knowledge, but all of them worth saving, and all helping to increase the stock in trade of the boy who meant to be a man.

“How does it happen,” was once said to a busy man who had very little time for reading and study, but whose mind was a perfect storehouse of information on almost every subject—“how does it happen that you know so much more than rest of us?”

“Oh,” said he, “I never had time to lay in a regular stock of learning, so I *save all the bits* that come in my way, and they count up a good deal in the course of the year.”

You understand of course that the eyes are to be used so as to please and honor Him

who made them. Like the windows of a temple, they must let in the pure light of heaven—nothing must enter and nothing must go out that defiles.

There are times when you must keep your eyes shut, when you must turn them away, lest they look upon objects that will leave a stain upon the soul.

Temptation often comes through the eye—the desire to do forbidden things—or things that are dangerous—and the door must be closed and bolted, or the enemy will force its way in.

“Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright; for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.” This was the advice of Solomon to the young. It was indeed more than advice—it was a solemn and imperative caution. They were not even to *look* upon the wine—not to let its glowing color and bright sparkle enter the eye; for the very sight of it might create

a wrong appetite or rouse one that was slumbering. He may have had in his thoughts a son of his own who had become a slave to the tempting drink, and had staggered, it may be, more than once into the palace door, and fallen bereft of reason beneath the richly-laden table, and who wanted to rid himself of the terrible habit that had robbed him of his manhood and his self-control. He is told that if he would be free he must not even *look* upon the wine. This may seem strange to you, but there are many to whom it is not strange. There are many who will tell you that the very glow and sparkle of the wine fires the bad appetite within them, and that they are safe only when they refuse to look. It is wise not to become familiar with the sight of any temptation.

You see two boys fighting in the street. At first you are alarmed and run away, then pause, perhaps, and turn and look, then draw a little nearer. The next time the scene is less repulsive, and you do not run,

but only retire slowly with a backward step, keeping your eyes all the while upon the heavy, passionate blows. Then you begin to relish the battle, and think it fun. If any boy reads these words with a smile, all I have to say is, he has made bad use of his eyes. His own feelings are less gentle and kind and peaceful than they ought to be, because his eyes have made him so familiar with the violent passions of others that they have lost much of their repulsiveness. You do not suppose that when Jesus was a boy he ever looked upon such scenes with any other than emotions of pity and sorrow? And he is to be your model.

I read of a boy the other day who understood this matter. He had been quite sick. While he was slowly recovering, and just able to be up and about the room, he was left alone a short time, when his sister came in eating a piece of cake. His mother had told him that he must eat nothing but what she gave him, and that it would not be safe for him to

have what the other children had till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back ; the cake looked inviting ; he wanted very much to take a bit of it, and his sister would gladly have given it to him. What did he do ?

“Jennie,” said he, “you must run right out of the room, away from me, with that cake ; and *I’ll keep my eyes shut* while you go, so that I sha’n’t want it.”

A very sure way it was for that boy of seven years to get rid of temptation.

Do you smile, and think he made a great fuss about a small matter ? You have no reason to smile, for it was this that gave the temptation its greatest power. Many reason themselves into sin by regarding it as a trifle. What harm, they say, can there be in eating a little forbidden cake ? If they were alone with a bag of gold belonging to another, they would not be tempted to take it, because the sin would be so great—it is the little sin that tempts them most. It follows that the

boy who shut his eyes upon the cake was more courageous, performed an act of greater self-denial, in all probability, than if it had been a heap of gold; for he desired the cake, while the gold, I suppose, would not have tempted him at all. Shut your eyes against what some call little sins, or you will soon look upon big ones without compunction or alarm. Do not look upon anything that will pollute your memory or leave a spot upon your soul.

Do not imagine it easy, at all times, to shut your eyes or turn them away from forbidden objects. It requires a strong will—a will that is accustomed to determine what is right—such a will as God gives in answer to prayer. And there is often a mighty struggle before even such a will prevails.

Said a mother to her son as he went into the garden to work, “Touch nothing that does not belong to you.” He intended to obey his mother, but this did not prevent him from looking at a choice pear tree on which

the fruit was fast ripening. There was no disobedience in that, for his mother had not said, "*Look* not," but "*Touch* not." So he stood for an instant gazing on the tree, and that instant he was conscious of a feeling which reminded him vividly of his mother's words, "Touch nothing that does not belong to you;" then he quickly withdrew his eyes from the tempting object, and with great diligence pursued his occupation. The fruit was forgotten, and he had nearly reached the end of the bed he had been ordered to clear. Collecting in his hands the heap of weeds he had laid beside him, he returned to deposit them in the wheelbarrow that stood near the peartree. Again the glowing fruit met his eye, more beautiful, more tempting, than ever, for he was hot and thirsty. He stood still, gazing longingly at the pears; his heart beat; his mother's command was heard no more; his resolution was gone. He looked around; there was no one but himself in the garden.

“They never can miss one out of so many,” said he to himself.

He made a step—only one; he was now in reach of his prize. He darted forth his hand to seize, when at the very moment a sparrow from a neighboring tree, calling its companion, to his startled ear seemed to say :

“Jem, Jem !”

He sprang to the walk; his hand fell to his side; his whole frame shook; and no sooner had he recovered himself than he fled from the spot.

Now he worked with greater diligence than ever, but not once again did he trust himself to look on the fruit which had nearly led him to commit so great a fault. The sparrow chirped again as he was leaving the garden; but he had no reason now to be startled at the sound.

That was a severe fight with desire; and the temptation that entered the eye would have conquered the soul, had not the sparrow been sent to help conscience in the struggle.

Then, again, it is right, at times, to shut our eyes to the faults of others. It is never right to look at them through a magnifying-glass and make them greater than they are. What you think of others depends very much upon the use of your eyes. Some are constantly looking for the weaknesses and failings of others, and see nothing else—others are looking for what is good in them; and thus it happens that two persons often form a very different opinion of the same individual.

Some use their eyes to minister to their own pride or to apologize for their own wrong-doing. The boy who is mean watches for all the signs of meanness in other boys, and then quiets his conscience by saying to himself, “Well, others are no better than I.” And the boy who is studious, and stands at the head of his class, is sometimes tempted to look with pleasure upon the dullness or idleness of others that makes him their superior.

A painter was once engaged upon a likeness of Alexander the Great. In the course of his battles, Alexander had received an ugly scar on the side of his face. The artist wanted to give a correct likeness of the monarch, and at the same time wanted to hide the scar. It was a difficult task. But at length he hit upon a happy expedient. He painted him in a reflective attitude, his hand placed against his head, while his fingers covered the scar.

The best men are not without their failings—their scars; but do not dwell upon them. In speaking of them to others adopt the painter's expedient, and let the finger be placed upon them.

Your own faults you must not hide from your own eyes. Others will be sure to see them; and from the eye of God, you well know, they cannot be concealed. Not to look at yourself, therefore, would only lead to self-deception. Your prayer should not only be, "Lord, search me, and try me," but, Give

me an eye to my own wrong-doing and neglect of doing; enable me to search myself, that I may discover the sin that is in my own soul, and give me courage to fight it and strength to conquer it.

Look out for the rocks of temptation, against which you will be driven if you do not keep a vigilant eye upon yourself.

A gentleman crossing the English Channel stood near the helmsman. It was a calm and pleasant evening, and no one dreamed of possible danger to their good ship. But a sudden flapping of the sail, as if the wind had shifted, caught the ear of the officer on watch, and he sprang at once to the wheel and closely examined the compass.

"You are half a point off the course," he said, sharply, to the man at the wheel. The deviation was corrected, and the officer returned to his post.

"You must steer very accurately," said the looker-on, "when half a point is so much thought of."

“Ah, half a point, in some places, might bring us on the rocks,” was the answer.

So it is in life. Half a point from strict truthfulness may strand you on the rocks of falsehood. Half a point from perfect honesty, and you are steering straight for the rocks of crime. And so of all kindred vices. The beginnings are always small deviations from the right course. So have your eye upon the compass—God’s word—and upon your own heart that it may not deviate in the least.

A lady was once sailing down the East River with her son, along what was then a very dangerous channel. The boy watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came near to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

“Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?” asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with the task to talk, and simply growled out, “Rocks!”

“Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood,” said the thoughtless boy; “I would go right over them.”

The old man replied only by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. “Poor foolish lad!” it said; “how little you know about rocks!”

Yes, it requires not only a vigilant but a practiced eye to detect the evil that is in your own heart—to detect the smallest risings of evil, which, though they may seem but as bits of painted board, point to the perils that lie beyond. Open your eyes wide, then, when you look at yourself, and do not let any one of your faults escape your scrutiny.

If you really love others, if you are not envious or proud, if you do not want to hide your own faults in the shadow of theirs, if you really want to do them good and to make them better, why, then there will be no danger to yourself in seeing what is wrong in them. Then your eyes will awaken your

pity, and you will try to lead them from what is wrong to what is right.

Thank God that he has given you eyes, and created the light, and made this beautiful world for the light to shine upon, and that he has given you a soul to which this beauty is revealed. Thank him for the green hills, and the bright plumage of the birds, and the little insects with their burnished wings. Thank him that upon everything he has made is written, "God is love."

There are many into whose eyes the light has never come, who have never seen the green hills or the wing of bird or insect. They have reason to be thankful too, for they can be happy without eyes; they can love the friends they have never seen, and form pictures in the mind of the clouds and the meadows, and talk about them and write about them so well that you wonder how, with all this knowledge and this conception of color and form, they can be blind.

I do not say that they have reason to be

less thankful than you ; I only say that you have reason to be more thankful than they. They have one thing in common with you, the eye of the soul, reason and conscience ; and for this they cannot be too thankful. But you have an instrument, besides, that gives you visions of the outward world which cannot be to them precisely what they are to you. Many as their joys may be without sight, if their eyes were opened, and they could look upon the faces of the friends they love, upon the green of the meadows and the purple of the violet, they would have another joy.

Be thankful, then, for what you have in common with them, and thankful also for what they have not. Be especially thankful that you can see God in everything—that the grass and the flowers are, or are intended to be, more to you than they are to the ox or the sheep.

Ask God to open the eyes of your understanding, and take the Bible with you wher-

ever you go as a help to your vision. Treasure its truths in your memory and your heart. It is a telescope to bring the distant near. It is a microscope to make the hidden plain. Without it God's love in Christ would be out of sight, and the objects that are near—the grass at your feet and the showers that water it—would not express that love as they do now.

The Bible tells you of Christ from beginning to end; and he has been sent to open the eyes of the blind—to open your eyes and let you see what God is in himself, and what he is to you. Not until you feel that you are blind will you begin to see; not until you are willing to be led will you be kept from stumbling.

A blind boy stood on the sidewalk one morning with his head bent forward as if earnestly listening.

“Shall I help you across the street, my little friend?” said one who was passing by.

“Oh no, thank you; I am waiting for my father.”

“Can you trust your father?”

“Oh yes; my father always takes good care of me, leads me all the time; and when he has my hand, I feel perfectly safe.”

“But why do you feel safe?”

Raising his sightless eyes, with a sweet smile and look of perfect trust, he replied,

“Oh, because my father knows the way. I am blind, but he can see.”

“My father knows the way!” If you can say that of God, with your hand in his, you are perfectly safe, in whatever path you may walk. God’s hand and word—the one to keep you from falling, the other to shed light upon the way, and the clear vision which his Spirit gives in answer to prayer—these are more than the outward eye; they are the helps without which it can see nothing as it is.

The city of Venice, in Italy, is built on eighty-two islands, and these are divided by

one hundred and fifty canals, on which great numbers of gondolas or water-coaches move gayly and swiftly along. Besides the canals, there are also many streets on the solid ground through which one can walk. They are very narrow and winding. Crooked and crowded as they are, one may easily have all the points of the compass tangled up for him, and lose his way. But see what kind ingenuity long ago provided. Into the smooth street pavement a line in white marble has been laid. Following that, the traveler will come in safety to the well-known bridge, the *Ponte di Rialto*. Once there, he is at home again. The white line is a silent, infallible guide. It was laid deeply at first, and although trodden upon for centuries has not been worn away. It is never hidden. On a muddy day every foot that treads upon it exposes it to view. At night the gleam of the street-lamps reveals it. The old tourists in Venice say to the new tourists, "*Follow the white line.*"

In the crowded, crooked way of life a white line has been laid. The pure and beautiful and perfect life of Jesus has been set into your path. You need not err. You need not be lost. It is a line that is ever lighted up. There are no dark places to make you stumble.

Walk on the white line, while to Him who is the light of the world you offer the prayer :


“Be thou my guide to day,
My arm whereon to rest,
My sun to cheer me on my way,
My shield to guard my breast.

“From Satan’s fiery dart
And men of purpose base,
And from the plague of my own heart,
Defend me by thy grace.”

HEARING.

He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.—MATT. XI. 15.

HEARING.

F the ear is not an outlet as well as an inlet to the mind, it can employ the hand, the eye, the tongue, to give utterance to the emotions awakened by the sounds that enter it. When these sounds create terror, it quivers in the eye, or trembles in the voice, or is seen in the uplifted hand; and when they create joy the eye reveals it, or else it revels in words or dances in the very motion of the fingers. In some animals the ear itself betrays the first sign of fear or pleasure. Thus the horse turns his elongated, funnel-shaped ear, which is movable in all directions, quickly toward the point from which the sound comes.

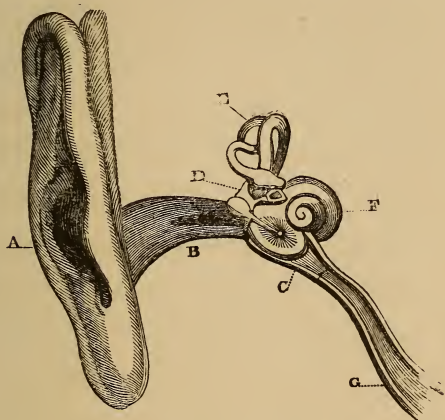
The ear has its own work to do, and this work is as different from that of the eye as the song of the bird is different from the color of its wings.

“What in ordinary language we call the ear is only the outer porch or entrance of a curious series of intricate, winding passages which, like the lobbies of a great building, lead from the outer air into the inner chambers.” In this porch the waves of sound are collected, and thence pass through the smaller opening, called the *auditory canal*, and strike a membrane that is stretched very much as the parchment is stretched across the head of a drum.

Next, the sounds are carried along a chain of very small bones, through a passage filled with air, to another membrane, and thence through passages full of liquid, until they reach the *auditory nerve*, which is spread out like rows of fine threads, and which carries the bird-note, or the chirp of the cricket, or the merry laugh, or the blast of a trumpet, to the mind.

We do not know so much about the ear as about the eye, but we know this—that when a sound strikes it all the parts are set in

motion ; the membranes tremble, and the air or liquid in the passages that lead to the thread-like nerves is stirred, and the little



INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE EAR.

You will see in the engraving something of the structure of the ear. *A* is the outer ear, the porch, from which the tube, *B*, passes to a ring, *C*, on which is stretched the membrane which is like the parchment head of a drum. *D E*, is the little chain of bones. *G* is a tube opening into the back of the mouth and admitting the air behind the tympanum, or drum, so that it may vibrate and not burst. It serves the purpose of the hole in the drum.

chain of bones and the nerves themselves vibrate, just like the strings of the piano when they are struck ; and thus the im-

pression, whether it be pleasant or otherwise, reaches the mind.

By means of this little piece of mechanism most sounds can be as easily distinguished by the ear as colors are distinguished by the eye, so that you would never mistake the braying of an ass for the dash of a waterfall, or the music of a flute, or the tones of anger for those of gentleness and love.

The varieties of sound are almost endless, from the roll of the thunder down to the faint whisper of the wind among the trees. There is love in this—the love of that same Father who made the light to paint ever-changing pictures of beauty in the eye.

The other day I rode through Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and happy children were at play, clapping their hands and laughing merrily; the birds were trilling their short, sweet notes; there was the clatter, too, of the horses' hoofs. When at length the shadows of evening came, and the roads and playgrounds were deserted, the katydids began to

dispute with each other in their friendly way, the one saying "Katy did," and the other saying "Katy didn't" just as plainly, whilst the stroke of the oar could be heard near by upon the river.

It is hard to tell at such a time whether pleasant sounds or sights are most agreeable to the mind, though it has been said that those who cannot see are happier than those who cannot hear. This may be true. I have seen the blind so full of merriment that they did not seem conscious of their loss. Especially when they are listening to music, or when they are creating it, do they seem more than satisfied with their condition.

This will not appear strange if we remember the power of music over the feelings, and how eager every one is to hear a renowned singer or a skillful player upon some instrument. The concert-room is more largely attended than the picture-gallery. Why, if not because music has greater

attraction than painting? A friend of mine who, on account of deafness, hears but little of the conversation that is going on around him, has told me more than once of his intense agony at times when he has seen with his eyes the pleasure created in the minds of others by words which he could not catch. At such times he feels alone.

No one has illustrated this, as has been truly said, more touchingly than Dr. Kitto, in his book on the "Lost Senses," when referring to his never having heard the voices of his children: "If there be any one thing arising out of my condition which more than another fills my heart with grief, it is *this*—it is to see their blessed lips in motion and to *hear* them not, and to witness others moved to smiles and kisses by the sweet peculiarities of infantile speech which are incommunicable to me, and which pass by me like the idle wind."

Another wonder is that when sight or hearing is lost, the one or the other tries to

do double work, and really does more than its own share, and thus partly makes up for the loss. The blind employ the other senses in trying to make up for the loss of the one. I will tell you now only of the use they make of the ear, and let touch, taste and smell come in their turn. In music they depend very much upon the ear for their knowledge of tunes and their ability to reproduce them with the voice or the instrument. Perhaps you have heard Blind Tom play the piano. All his wonderful skill has been acquired through the ear. In this way, by listening to the strains again and again, do the blind write them upon the memory, and read them so accurately with the eye of the mind as not only to sing the pieces that others sing, but to play together on different instruments quite as skillfully, perhaps, as if they had eyes. I have often noticed their rapt attention in a concert-room. You can almost see their ears drink in the sweet and thrilling tones. They have nothing to do but listen.

No sight of beautiful dress or new fashion draws their thoughts away from the music; and for this reason the impression is deeper than it would be if they were blessed with sight.

There are times when it is well to hear and not to see—when the ear alone should be used. The eye may divert the ear from its peculiar work, and thus interfere with it, instead of helping it, as when the sight of boys at play prevents you from listening intently to your father's or mother's words. In this respect you should not allow the blind to have the advantage. When the time comes to hear, and only hear, whether in the house of God or anywhere else, you should do with your eyes as though you had them not. Thus we shut our eyes in prayer.

In the effort of the ear to do the work of the eye it becomes highly educated—extremely sensitive to the effects and variations of sound. Not long ago I heard a gentleman of Philadelphia say that as he was



BLIND MEN AND HORSE.

walking one day in Chestnut street he noticed quite a procession of young men who were blind passing along with a somewhat quick step on the opposite side. In advance of them a horse had been tied, and was standing directly across the sidewalk, so as to interfere with their progress. Curious to know how they would manage, he watched their movements with great interest. As those who took the lead approached the horse they walked somewhat more cautiously, and when within a few feet of him turned off the sidewalk, and came on again after they had passed the obstruction. All the rest did the same. The gentleman then crossed the street and asked one of the young men how they knew that a horse was in their way. He said they did not know it was a horse, but from the altered sound of their tread upon the pavement they knew that something was in their way.

In recognizing their friends the blind have to call upon the ear to do the work of the eye,

and thus it becomes acutely sensitive to the natural and fixed differences of tone in the voices of different individuals. Even those who can see use the ear more or less for this purpose. You know when your father enters the door if you only hear him speak. But with the blind this power is much greater, and enables them to distinguish one friend from another, not only by the voice, but often even by the step. This it is that makes the pleasure of hearing so intense to them. As the ear has to perform double duty, it is also the medium of conveying a double joy to the mind—that which usually comes through the eye, as well as that which it brings by doing its own peculiar work. When those who can see meet their friends, we may say that both the eye and the ear are made glad. Each of these organs carries to the soul a part of the joy created by their presence.

But you must not suppose that the ear in this case awakens so much pleasure as when

the other inlet to the mind, the eye, is shut and dark.

Thus it is that God gives the blind a compensation for their loss of sight by making the joy of hearing greater to them than it is to those who have eyes. If you look into their faces you will see this; for you will notice that they are not only quick in distinguishing sounds, but are impressed by them as you are not. They show deeper feeling than you do when the voice of a friend falls upon your ear. The song of the bird is doubtless a greater joy to one who is blind than it would be if he had the use of the lost sense to aid him in forming a conception of its beauty.

So the eyes of those who cannot hear do what they can of the work that belongs to the ears. Perhaps you have seen the deaf and dumb talk with their fingers? This "sign language," as it is called, reaches the mind through the eye, which at times becomes so keen and practiced as to read the

thoughts and words of others just by watching the motion of their lips when they are speaking. They also learn to write with pencil and pen, and to read what is written or printed; and in this way they form ideas of sounds which they have never heard. These ideas are often so wonderfully correct that they are enabled to describe the song of the bird quite as truthfully as they picture the beautiful colors of the flowers.

Those who cannot hear see more than those who can. They learn to use their eyes where others trust their ears only or in part. As they cannot hear angry or pleasant words, they learn to judge from the looks of others what their feelings really are. And in doing this they notice what you would not notice—the slightest frown or smile. It is said that the deaf are suspicious, but this may be because they are so skilled in reading the thoughts of others, even when written in faintest lines upon their faces.

Let your feelings be always kind and full

of love, and then the most practiced and watchful eye will see nothing but love and kindness in your looks.

I have been telling you of the power of the eye and the ear to help each other when help is needed. In this we see the wisdom and the love of God, who thus enables one of the senses to do, in part at least, the work of another, without neglecting its own.

But now I want to talk about those who *can* hear. In doing this I intend to speak of the ear first as *an avenue of pleasure*, and then as *a sentinel* on the lookout for danger.

I have already said something about the ear as an inlet of enjoyment to the soul. But whether it is an avenue of pleasure or not depends very much upon how you hear. If you listen to the birds with a fretful temper, their singing will not make you happy; it will only irritate you, and make you more fretful. I knew a man once who could not

bear to have the robins build their nests and sing their songs in the trees of his garden. Their sweetest notes were like the rasping of a saw to him, and made him very uncomfortable. He was a good man, too, but his ear was very much out of order. The little thread-like nerves were out of tune, and sent discord instead of harmony into his soul.

The health of the soul itself has often much to do with the manner of hearing. If the soul is not right, if it is not full of love for others, if, on the contrary, it is full of envy and ill-will, the sweetest sounds will be the most unwelcome. Take the case of a boy, or a man either, who is cowardly and mean and selfish; what effect would it have upon him to hear of the heroism and generosity of some one else? Why, it would embitter his feelings, because the same words that uttered the praise of another would utter his own condemnation.

A heroic boy was one day driving the

cows from the pasture into the barnyard, and as he was crossing the railway track he stopped suddenly and turned pale, for some wretch had removed several rails, and unless the engineer could be warned in season the coming train would be dashed to utter ruin.

With wonderful rapidity the noble boy gathered a pile of brushwood on the track and set it on fire. There was a careful engineer on the train, and as he caught a glimpse of the fire the short, sharp whistle nerved every brakeman to his duty, and the train was saved. "Let us pray," said a white-haired minister who was one of the crowd of passengers, and instantly men, women and children knelt down on the grass, and joined with him in thanks for their deliverance. And as the story of what the brave boy had done went from ear to ear you can imagine how many hearts were made glad by it. But when the tidings of that wonderful escape and of the deed of that heroic boy came to

the ears of him who had planned the mischief, it was anything but joy to him.

If your own soul is full of self-reproach, you will hate to hear the joyous laugh of the little child that tells you of a soul at ease.

Take heed, then, how you hear ; for if the glad words of others make you sad, it may be that your soul is at fault. You should hear God's voice of love in all pleasant sounds, and in order to do this you must be in love with God.

Let me remind you now that there are other sounds than those which come from the woods and the clouds—the songs of the birds, and the pattering of the rain upon thirsty fields. These are pleasant, telling us of our heavenly Father's love, and should draw our hearts to him, but God speaks to you also in his word, and this voice of his you are to hear gladly. Every message of his that falls upon your ear should be welcome. You have been told of his love in sending his Son to save you, and of the equal

love of that Son in giving his life as a ransom for your life. The song heard by the shepherds of Bethlehem, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men," should be sweeter to you, should bring greater joy, than all the music of birds, of waterfalls and of soft-whispering winds.

Hear this voice of God so as to understand it, and so as to be made glad by it in your own soul. Welcome every command of his, because obedience will enable you to show your love to him. Hear and heed. Give attention. You have heard of those who let the most serious and momentous words—God's own words of love—enter one ear and go out of the other. These are *heedless* persons. The ear is reached, and all its parts are set in motion, but the sound dies away before it reaches the mind.

I have often noticed this when I have witnessed the singing of familiar hymns by a hundred voices or more. All enjoyed the

music as a pleasant sound, but many showed by their trifling behavior that their hearts were not at all impressed by the words, whilst the seriousness of others proved that it was music for the soul as well as for the ear.

It is the business of the ear to write impressions, as it is the business of the eye to draw pictures, upon the memory. Remembered words—how they abide! and when they are words of love, what joy there is in recalling them!

More than a hundred years ago a child of German parents was carried away from the neighborhood of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, by the Indians, during the French and Indian war. This captive child taught another little girl to pray to the Lord Jesus, and to repeat the hymns her mother had taught her. When, at the end of nine years, she was released with four hundred others, her mother could not select her from the number, for years and life among these Indians had

greatly changed her. At last her mother thought of a hymn she used to sing :

“Alone, yet not alone, am I,
Though in this solitude so drear ;
I feel my Saviour always nigh,
He comes the weary hour to cheer.
I am with him, and he with me,
E'en here, alone I cannot be.”

Scarcely had the poor mother sung two lines of the hymn when the daughter rushed through the crowd, began to sing it too and threw herself into her mother's arms. The sounds, falling upon the daughter's ear, reached her mind, awakened a long-lost memory ; and thus restored her to the long-ing parent.

By your spoken words are impressions thus written upon the minds of others every day—written for the most part without your knowing it, carried from your lips to some waiting ear, through which to enter as a gateway to the soul, there to abide for ever.

Here I would say, Not only be watchful over your words, that they may be wise and

winning, but be watchful over your heart, that only love may dwell there. Then the words that come out of it will need no watching, for they will always be like the good seed, which, though it may fall upon barren places, is good nevertheless, and though it may be unproductive, never grows into thorns and weeds.

You have heard perhaps of "*unconscious influence*." This means that you are ever at work making others happy or unhappy without intending or knowing it. You have an influence over others when you are not conscious of influencing them. There is no way in which you do this more frequently than by the words you speak.

It is related that when Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, returned to his native land, with those wonderful marbles which have made his name immortal, chiseled with patient toil and glowing aspiration during his studies in Italy, the servants who opened them scattered upon the ground the straw in

which they were packed. The next summer flowers from the gardens of Rome were blossoming in the streets of Copenhagen from the seeds thus accidentally planted. The genius that wrought grandly in marble had unconsciously planted beauty by the wayside. Thus if you are forming noble thoughts and deeds in your own soul, the words in which they are wrapped, carried by the wind to some other soul, will perhaps blossom into beautiful thoughts and deeds that have never grown there before.

At a fashionable watering-place, where the thoughtless throng sways in and out of the great dining-room, and the endless clatter of tongues and cutlery seems to drown every holy thought, a venerable, silver-haired old gentleman was accustomed to walk slowly in at the head of his Christian family and take his seat at the head of the table. Instantly the laughing faces of a tableful of diners assumed a reverential look. The knives and forks rested silently on the table,

and the silver-haired Christian, with clasped hands, modestly uttered a prayer of thanks. The words were few and soon spoken, but all day long they seemed to float in the air, and to ring like heavenly music upon the ears of the listeners. A mother who occupied the room next to that of the good old man used to kneel down every night with her children by his door to hear him when he prayed, feeling, she said, that nothing could happen to her and hers while they were so near to him. Here, too, in the heart of this mother and the hearts of these children, flowers grew up by the wayside from seeds unconsciously planted.

Perhaps that mother was thus taught to pray, and her words, in turn, were heard by her children, and they too have learned to pray.

Mr. Henry Holbeach, an English gentleman, tells this story of himself: "One of my very earliest recollections is of kneeling down in a darkened room while my mother

prayed aloud. In the morning, at noon and again at night that was her custom, and the habit of engaging in devout exercises three times a day has never left me—is a habit which no preoccupation ever breaks through.” The sweet words of prayer, falling upon the ear from a mother’s lips, have made many a life a life of prayer.

Sometimes, indeed, the ear is made the avenue of pain. Words of unkindness—how they rankle in the soul! What torture they create whenever they are thought of! Therefore be careful not to speak such words, for they make ugly wounds, and wounds that often never heal.

The tongue and the ear go together, and for this reason the tongue is so dangerous when it utters unwise and unconsidered words. When you hear such words, the temptation is to fling others like them back, to give wound for wound. It is easy to see how this will end if it be not ended by the grace of silence.

One of the noblest and bravest things you can do at times is to hold your tongue, not to let it utter the bitter feelings which the words of others may have stirred within you. This can be done, but not easily. The Bible tells you that it is easier to curb with bit and bridle the most unruly horse—that it is easier to tame the most deadly serpent or the most timid bird. But there is a strength not our own that will enable us to curb this unruly member. There is a wisdom not our own that will shape its words into sweetest music, so that they will ever make glad the ear, and never wound the soul into which they find their way. Come to me, says Jesus, and I will make you wise when you ought to speak, and give you the grace of silence when that is better than words.

“I never answer back,” said a tender, delicate child who was yet strong and firm in goodness. She was often placed in very trying circumstances, but her self-control never left her ; her patient kindness remained

unchanged. Her brothers and sisters were passionate and fitful, but their misdemeanors were never visited with sharp rebuke. She never answered back to their peevish and complaining words.

At times sadness was seen to come over her countenance like a heavy cloud, and large tear-drops rolled slowly down her cheeks; but no temper-flashes ever disturbed the quiet beauty of her face, no violent emphasis ever broke the melody of her sweet voice. She would slowly leave the room to avoid a conflict. When, through some misunderstanding, she once received a painfully upbraiding letter, she stole softly to her chamber, and, as she told a friend afterward, hastened to God to get right feelings quickly.

One day she was telling of a particular trial with one of the wayward children; and when the friend to whom she opened all her heart asked her, "Well, what did you say?" she answered, "Oh, nothing. I only

kept still. You know it does not make things better to answer back."

"But what did you do?" was again asked.

"I just waited as patiently as I could until she got over it."

"Kept still!" How wise, how heroic, how beautiful, to keep still, and bear in silence sharp, passionate words! "Just waited!" How admirable the grace of patience, to wait until the furious storm of anger is over, and never increase it by the utterance of a single word!

There is a style of talking to which the human ear too often loves to listen. Sometimes it is called gossip, sometimes tale-bearing; and when, as it is apt to do, it deviates from the truth, the Bible calls it bearing false witness against one's neighbor. When the ear allows this kind of talk to fall upon it, and the tongue repeats it, and it goes from ear to ear and from tongue to tongue, even if truthful when the first

tongue utters it and the first ear hears it before long it becomes a very different story from what it was at the beginning.

There is a well-known fireside game, called *scandal*, in which a story is whispered at one end of a social circle and passed round to the other. A tells it softly into the ear of B; B communicates it to C; and so it goes on till it reaches Z, who tells it aloud for A to hear. It is then found that the story, in passing from one to the other, has so changed color and features that the one who told it first cannot recognize it.

Amusing as this game is, it rebukes a very serious and very common fault—that of allowing scandal to be whispered in the ear at all. If it gives you pleasure to hear of the failings of others, you will want some one to share that pleasure, and so you will repeat the story in some other willing ear, not precisely as you heard it, for that is next to impossible.

As two persons looking at the same leaf

on the same tree must see it differently, so two persons must tell the same thing in a different way. Either by a change of words, or of voice, or of look, will one person make the story that was told to him differ. Even when the story is true, and the ear is attentive, and the intention is honest, there is danger of its getting out of shape before it goes far. But when the story is untrue, or, if true, is full of unkindness, the ear that loves to hear it for this very reason will pass it on to the next ear more ugly than it came.

Again I say, be sure that your heart is full of love for others, and then you will always hear with that charity which thinks no evil, and will speak with that charity which is ever kind and envies not. Hear as though you heard not when the repetition of what you hear would needlessly injure the feelings or reputation of another.

Let me now give you another hint in regard to the use of your ears. When you are in company, *listen* to those who are talking,

especially if the conversation is at all addressed to you. This is nothing more than Christian politeness.

I have seen persons who when spoken to were quite inattentive to words uttered expressly for their instruction or amusement. They showed by their whole manner that they were not listening, and for that particular occasion might as well have had no ears. Ordinary kindness requires that when one speaks to us politely and with a good intent we should listen to what he has to say. To listen will gratify his feelings; not to listen will wound them, and perhaps debar you from some advantage which his words, if heard, would have brought to you. For this inattention is quite as apt to betray itself when the words spoken are full of wisdom as when they are commonplace.

Especially should you lend your ear when God addresses you, either in his house or anywhere else, through the words of those whom he has appointed to speak in his name.

To be inattentive here is to insult God, as well as to wrong your own soul. As you would listen to the gladdest news ever brought to you, so should you listen to the voice of Jesus.

I will suppose that you have wandered among the mountains and been lost, and heard during the night nothing but the howling of the wolves seeking their prey. When at length the morning breaks, familiar voices call your name, and in your father's arms you feel that the dangers of the night are past. You would not be thoughtless in such an hour, and show that you cared not for your rescue. No; your heart would be full of thankfulness, while you trembled at the very thought of your loneliness and your fears when it seemed as if the night would never end. Jesus brings you more joyful tidings than that, because he tells you how you may be delivered from greater peril. Sin in the soul is worse than the howling of wolves, and there is no

loneliness so dreadful as that of being alone with sin. God says to you when he points to Jesus, "This is my beloved Son ; hear ye him." And Jesus says, after telling you how you may be saved from sin, "He that hath ears to hear, let him hear." Of what use are ears if they are not open to his voice of love?

Besides all this, I want to remind you that there is a universal language which all can understand. It is the same at all times and among every people. I mean *weeping* and *laughter*. The little boy who comes from a foreign land may not be able to ask for bread, so as to let you know what he wants ; but if you hear him weep you know that he wants something, and if you hear him laugh you know that he is free from sorrow. Your ears must be open to this language. They were made to listen to these sounds of gladness or grief quite as eagerly as to the most enchanting music or the welcome call to dinner. The ear must carry the tidings to

the soul, and let them vibrate there, so that you will rejoice with those who rejoice and weep with those who weep.

If you use your ears aright, you may be able to turn tears into laughter now and then, and perhaps very often. How this was once done is told in the story of the **TWO PURSES**.

The son of a poor woodman was one day weeping as he sat under a tree in the midst of a forest. A nobleman in a simple green dress, with a star embroidered on his breast, heard the sobs of the little boy, and went up to him, and said kindly and tenderly, "What are you crying for?"

"Oh!" said he, "my mother has been very ill, and this morning my father sent me to town to pay the doctor, and I have lost the purse with the money in it with which I was to pay him."

The nobleman turned, and spoke in a low tone to a gamekeeper who accompanied him, and who pulled out of his pocket a little

purse made of dark crimson silk, in which were several gold pieces.

“Is this the purse you have lost?” said the nobleman.

“Oh no,” was the answer; “mine was not so beautiful as that, and it had no gold pieces in it.”

“Perhaps this is it, then?” said the gamekeeper, taking a little shabby purse out of his pocket.

“Oh yes, that is it,” said the boy, joyfully.

The gamekeeper then gave it to him; and the nobleman said, “Take this purse too, besides your own, as a reward for your honesty and trust in God.”

Do you not suppose that this boy laughed all the way to town and all the way home again, and when he reached home made others laugh too? How soon was his weeping turned into joy! and all because the kind nobleman used his ears as God intended he should.

Have you no gold? Never mind. You can coin as many golden words as you will, and these often turn sorrow into gladness too, and you can perform many golden deeds that will change tears into laughter and put rainbows into weeping eyes.

Now let me say a few words about the ear as a sentinel on the lookout for danger.

You know what I mean—in part, at least. The hiss of the serpent is not pleasant; if it were, you would not be alarmed at it. The roar of the lion makes you tremble and run. You do not like to hear it, and it is well that you do not; for if you did, you would not run, and the hungry beast would have you for his prey. Many sounds that are naturally disagreeable to the ear, like those I have mentioned, are sounds of warning. So, among the lower animals, the weak are prompted to flee from the strong. The bark of the dog startles the deer, and the tread of the fowler drives the partridge to its hiding-place among the brushwood and

long grass. All this shows the love of the Being who has thus stationed the ear as a watchman upon the walls.

But there are other sounds that should alarm you more than the rattle of the snake or the howl of the wolf. Human words tell you whether those who use them are dangerous or not. When you hear a boy use words that are profane, or words that are impure, or words that dishonor his parents, your ear should warn you to shun him as you would the prowling tiger.

You must shut your ears too against honeyed words—words that flatter your pride or encourage your waywardness—words that sound pleasant to the ear because they profess to be friendly, but are really intended to lure you from the right path. The tempter often comes as an angel of light, and talks like an angel, with professions of good-will, when his secret purpose is to debase and destroy. He will season his talk with falsehood and profanity,

and call it fun. He will tell you of little sins if you consent to listen, and will persuade you that sin may be so insignificant or so playful as to be no sin at all. Beware, lest what you think a pleasant song turn out to be the music of the dirge that foretells your ruin.

To hear, or not to hear? That is the question which your own constant watchfulness and God's helping wisdom alone can enable you to answer.

TOUCH.

And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee.—1. COR. xii. 21.

TOUCH.

THE hand is usually spoken of as the organ of touch in its varied movements; it may be regarded both as an inlet and an outlet of the soul.

When the finger is thrust into the fire, the sense of pain is conveyed to the mind, and when the finger is pulled quickly out of the fire, the inward dread is plainly revealed. Admiration, pleasure and fear are often expressed by the lifting of the hand.

Strictly speaking, however, the sense of touch resides in every part of the body. You can feel with your elbow or your foot or your tongue. Whether a liquid is hot or cold, whether a substance is hard or soft, may be determined by putting it in the mouth. You tread upon the stone pavement, and you know it to be hard; you step into the mud, and you know it to be

soft; while you are walking in a dark room your head strikes against the open door, and it does not require the hand to tell you that there is an obstruction in the way, for the head has already felt it. If a nettle is rubbed against your face, you know it is prickly and sharp, though you may not have touched it with your finger.

How is this? Why, the same arrangement of nerves that makes the finger so sensitive to pain is to be found also on the face and the tongue, and every other part of the surface of the body. The hand is regarded as the organ of touch, because at the ends of the fingers these nerves are more numerous than they are anywhere else. That is the reason why the fingers can tell more readily than the elbow or the chin whether one piece of cloth or velvet is finer and softer than another.

I want to talk to you here about these nerves which create the sense of touch. You know already what they are. Or if

you do not, then turn back and read what I have written before about them.

There are two sets of these nerves, and I want to say more about this particular point than I have yet said. Those belonging to the one set are called nerves of sensation; those belonging to the other set are called nerves of motion.

The first named are the nerves of touch, and they are called nerves of sensation because they carry sensations to the mind. Do you know what a *sensation* is? Yes, but perhaps better by another name. Sensation is *feeling*. You touch a piece of ice, and you feel that it is cold, or a piece of wood, and you feel that it is hard. These are sensations.

If I am sometimes compelled to use words that are not as plain to you as some other words, make them a study until you find out precisely what they mean and they become as familiar to you as the words *bread* and *sleep* and *play*.

What I have written thus far is simply this—that one set of the thread-like contrivances called nerves produces feeling, tells you whether a substance is cold or hot, hard or soft. The other set produces *motion*. The difference is just this. The nerves of sensation bring knowledge to the mind; the nerves of motion put the commands of the mind in force.

Let me make this a little plainer. If you run against a tree in a dark night, the nerves of sensation tell you the tree is there; and if then you resolve to turn about and walk the other way, the nerves of motion enable you to do it. So that if you had the nerves of sensation only, you would be able to feel without being able to move; and then, if your hand were in the fire, and you felt the pain, it would be impossible for you to take it out. Or if you had the nerves of motion only, you would be able to move without being able to feel, and then, if you

were asleep, the fire might destroy your life before you were aware of the danger.

I need not tell you how all this is known. But certain it is; and if you wish to learn more about it, you will find out, I am sure, either by reading or asking questions of some wise person.

Certain it is, I say, that there are two sets of nerves distributed all over the body, the one set conveying knowledge to the mind of the properties of outside objects—whether they are smooth or rough, whether they are hard or soft—and the other set imparting power to the muscles, so that you can move the hand or the foot, or turn the head, or open and shut the mouth or eye, in obedience to the will.

You see infinite wisdom and love in this arrangement. Whether the nerves of feeling send pain or pleasure to the mind, the wisdom and love are the same; for pain is the intimation of danger—it is the cry of the sentinel warning you to flee.

Let us now look at the hand as the most useful and busy organ of touch.

When we consider the various movements of the fingers, it is very plain that the eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee." The eye looks upon the beautiful peach, but it is the business of the hand to carry it to the mouth. The eye admires the flower, but the hand plucks it. The eye is delighted with the picture or the statue of the skillful artist, but it is the hand that uses the brush and guides the chisel. The eye beholds long rows of buildings with elegant fabrics for sale in the windows, and clocks of curious workmanship, and toys for the amusement of children, but all these things are made by the hand. Now and then we see persons without hands who can use knife and fork, and even write, with the toes, but it is a sad sight at best, and makes us understand how great has been their loss.

The eyes would convey many false im-



THE BLIND CHINESE GIRL READING.

pressions to the mind were it not for the hands. The hands help the eye in determining the shape and qualities of objects. If you were to see an india-rubber ball for the first time, you would have to touch it before you could tell whether it was pliable, or whether it was hard as ebony and solid as a cannon-ball.

What would become of the music of the organ and violin and flute were it not for the hand?—the hand to make the instruments, and the hand to play upon them?

I have told you how much the blind are assisted by the ear; and this is the place to tell you that they are also very greatly assisted by the touch. In making baskets, and brooms, and brushes, and bead-work, they depend upon the touch altogether. So they do also in reading and writing. Books are made for the blind with the letters stamped on the paper, so that they rise above the surface. When the blind read, they run their fingers over these raised letters, and

thus perceive their shape and form them into words.

A little girl in China whose name was Fokien was stolen by a beggar-man, who put her eyes out and sent her out to beg. She had to bring to him what she got by begging. A kind lady saw her and took her to a missionary, Mrs. Gutzlaff. This good woman cared for the little blind girl as if she had been her own child, and the little thing became a merry, happy girl. Not only so, but she learned to read—to read with her fingers. She read the Bible thus, by touch, and became a truly Christian child, so that her blindness became to her a source of blessing.

So acute does the touch become by long practice that I have seen a young girl trace the forms of the letters when two, and even three, handkerchiefs were laid upon them. The blind use the touch also in walking, reaching out their arms to discover any objects that may be in their way.

There have been persons who could neither see nor hear, and who had to depend upon the touch for nearly all their knowledge of things about them.

James Mitchell, born among the highlands of Scotland, could not look upon the noble hills that surrounded the beautiful valley in which his parents lived, neither could he hear others talk nor talk to them, for he was blind and deaf and dumb. All his wants and feelings were signified by the touch. When he wished for food, he would approach his mother or sister, touch her in an expressive manner, put his hand to his mouth, and point to the apartment or cupboard in which eatables were usually kept. When he wanted to go to bed, he used to incline his head sideways, as if to lay it on a pillow. He indicated riding on horseback by raising his foot and bringing the fingers of each hand together under the sole in imitation of a stirrup. He would describe a shoemaker by imitating with his arms the

motions used by a shoemaker in pulling out the thread.

By the touch his sister intimated to him her pleasure or displeasure. To express her highest approbation, she patted him much and cordially on the head, back and hand. When she patted him slightly, it implied simple assent, and she had only to refuse him these marks of approbation entirely, and repel him gently, to tell him of her displeasure. When his mother was from home, and his sister wanted to pacify him, she would lay his head gently down upon a pillow, once for each night of his mother's intended absence, and he understood that he must sleep so many times before her return.

Male visitors were the most frequent in the remote part of the country where he resided; and when a stranger arrived, he found out by the touch whether the visitor wore riding-boots. If so, he went to the stable and handled his horse with great care, as if to

determine its size and form. If visitors came in a carriage, he never failed to go where the carriage stood, and to examine it with the utmost attention.

One day he met a person riding upon a horse which had been purchased from his mother a few weeks before. On feeling the animal he seemed instantly to recognize it. The rider dismounted to see how the lad would conduct himself, and was much amused to find that he led the horse to his mother's stable, took off the saddle and bridle, put corn before him, and then withdrew, locking the door and putting the key in his pocket.

Much indeed was lost to this poor boy—all beautiful sights and all pleasant sounds. He never saw a human face or heard a human voice. The world was to him as if it had been a dark cave into which the daylight and sound never came. He could form no idea of speech or color. But then what a blessing it was that touch remained, and that it

was so useful to him ! It taught him that he was not alone in the world, dark and silent though it was ; it taught him too that there were living things, like horses, and things without life, like carriages, and human beings who loved him and cared for him, and whom he loved.

There are not many examples like this, but among the few that are on record there is one still more remarkable.

Laura Bridgman could neither hear, see nor smell. Of beautiful sights and sweet sounds and pleasant odors she had no conception. Nevertheless, she seemed as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb. She was fond of fun and frolic ; and when playing with other children, her shrill laugh sounded loudest of the group.

When left alone, she would knit and sew and busy herself for hours. She counted with her fingers, and spelt out names of things which she had recently learned. If she spelt a word wrong with the fingers of

her right hand, she would instantly strike it with her left, as her teacher did, in sign of disapprobation; if right, then she patted herself on the head and looked pleased. She would sometimes purposely spell a word wrong with her left hand, look roguish for a moment and laugh, and then with the right hand strike the left, as if to correct it.

When walking through a passage-way with her hands spread before her, she knew instantly every one she met. If it were a girl of her own age, and one of her favorites, she would grasp her hands and twine her arms around her, and there were kissings and partings just as between little children with all their senses.

While two of her schoolmates named Baker were on a visit to their friends, she sent them a bag which she had worked, together with the following letter :

“Laura is well. Laura will give Baker bag. Man will carry bag to Baker. Laura will cry. Baker will come to see Laura.

Drew (another schoolmate) is well. Drew give love to Baker. LAURA BRIDGMAN."

As already mentioned, she had a peculiar fondness for innocent fun. Her teacher, looking one day into the girls' schoolroom, saw three blind girls playing with the rocking-horse. Laura was on the crupper, another on the saddle and a third was clinging to the neck, and they were all in high glee, swinging backward and forward as far as the rocking-horse would roll. There was a peculiarly arch look in Laura's countenance. She seemed prepared to give a spring, and suddenly, when her end was lowest and the others were perched high in the air, she sidled quickly off on the floor, and down went the other end, and so swiftly as to throw the other girls off the horse. Laura stood for a moment convulsed with laughter, and then ran eagerly forward with outstretched arms to find the girls, and almost screamed with joy. As soon, however, as she got hold of one of them, she

perceived that she was hurt, and instantly her countenance changed. She seemed shocked and grieved; and after caressing and comforting her playmate, she expressed her sorrow by spelling the word "wrong" with her fingers and by loading her with caresses.

To her the fingers were eyes and ears as well as fingers. Like the feelers of some insects, which are continually agitated and which touch every grain of sand in the path, so Laura's arms and hands were continually in play. In this way she generally knew what any one near her was doing. A person walking across the room while she had hold of his left arm would have found it hard to take a pencil out of his waistcoat pocket with his right hand without her knowing what he was doing.

She understood distances so accurately that she would rise from her seat, go straight toward a door, put out her hand just at the right time and grasp the handle with the

utmost precision. When she ran against a door that was shut, but which she expected to find open, she did not fret, but only rubbed her head and laughed.

The constant and untiring exercise of her “feelers” gave her a very accurate knowledge of everything about the house; so that if a new article—a bundle, a band-box or even a new book—were laid anywhere in the apartments which she frequented, it was but a short time before, in her ceaseless rounds, she found it, and from something about it she would generally discover to whom it belonged. At table, if told to be still, she conducted herself with the utmost propriety, and handled her cup, spoon and fork like other children. But when at liberty to do as she chose, she was continually feeling things and ascertaining their size and shape, asking their names and uses, and thus going on step by step in the path of knowledge.

When Laura had been eighteen months

in the institution, she was, for the first time, visited by her mother.

The mother stood some time gazing with overflowing eyes upon her unfortunate child, who, all unconscious of her presence, was playing about the room. Presently, Laura ran against her, and at once began feeling her hands, examining her dress and trying to find out if she knew her; but not succeeding in this, she turned away as from a stranger. Her mother then gave her a string of beads which she used to wear at home. These were recognized by the child at once, who with much joy put them around her neck.

The mother now tried to caress her, but poor Laura repelled all her kindness, preferring to be with her acquaintances.

Another article from home was then given her, and she began to look much interested. She even endured her mother's caresses, but would leave her with indifference at the slightest signal.

After a while, when her mother took hold of her again, a vague idea seemed to flit across Laura's mind that this could not be a stranger. She therefore felt her mother's hands very eagerly, and became first very pale and then suddenly red, as if hope and doubt were struggling within. At this moment the mother drew her closer to her side and kissed her fondly, when at once the truth flashed upon the child, and all mistrust and anxiety disappeared from her face as with an expression of exceeding joy she eagerly clung to her mother, and yielded gladly to her fond embraces.

This wonderful story tells you how much knowledge and pleasure can come to the mind through the *touch*, for to this alone was Laura Bridgman indebted for all the impressions that have been mentioned. I do not know that her taste was impaired; but three of her senses were utterly lost, and "*touch*" alone enabled her to do and learn all I have related.

I might tell you many things of those less unfortunate who, with the hearing unimpaired, but with the loss of sight, have by means of the touch made themselves not only useful, but eminent.

Giovanni Gonelli, an Italian sculptor, was blind. One of his patrons, who doubted whether his blindness was complete, caused the artist to model his head in a dark cellar. This he did, and then cut it in marble, and it proved an excellent likeness.

James Strong, of Carlisle, England, was blind from birth, and not only became a good performer on the organ, but at the age of twenty was able to make almost every article of wearing apparel he required. His household furniture was, with few exceptions, all of his own manufacture. Besides this, he constructed various pieces of machinery, and among the rest a model of a loom, with a figure of a man working on it. He was himself by trade a weaver, and was accounted a very good workman.

Mr. Sanderson, who lost his sight when two years old, and who became professor of mathematics at Cambridge, could distinguish by the touch genuine medals from imitations more accurately than many good judges who had the use of their eyes.

But remember that the touch is not only useful to those who have lost one or more of the other senses ; it is also the servant of all the others. The hand, which is the principal organ of touch, not only creates those instruments by means of which distant objects are brought near and minute objects are greatly enlarged ; it also lifts the telescope and the microscope to the eye. It holds the watch to the ear that its ticking may be distinctly heard, and by its touch of the instrument gladdens the ear with sweet music. It serves the sense of taste by bringing to it savory food, and it helps and gratifies the sense of smell by bringing sweet odors near.

Little indeed could the other senses do

without it. There is not one of them that tells so plainly what is going on in the soul. Busy hands are the doors through which industry walks out and cheers the world with its presence. Hands that chisel beautiful forms out of the shapeless marble are the windows from which genius looks. Theft in the heart is very apt to show itself at the ends of the fingers. Hatred, variance and strife are seen in the clenched fist. Charity makes itself known through the helping hand.

One has said: "The hand gives expression to the genius and the wit, the courage and the affection, the will and the power, of man. Put a sword into it, and it will fight for him; put a plough into it, and it will till for him; put a harp into it, and it will play for him; put a pencil into it, and it will paint for him; put a pen into it, and it will speak for him. What will it not do? What has it not done? A steam-engine is but a larger hand made to extend the pow-

ers of the little hand of man. An electric telegraph is but a long pen for that little hand to write with."

You see, then, that the hand may be an instrument for good or an instrument for evil.

How shall I use my hands? is a question you should ask yourself each day in the love and fear of God. Let me suppose that you are asking it now, and you want me to give you the answer.

I open the Bible and read, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Now, there are several things to be noticed here. The first is that the hand ought to be doing something. It was made for this purpose—not to be idle, not to be busy now and then, but to be at all times the most active member of the body.

The next thing to be noticed is that it must do nothing of which God does not approve. The Being who made the hand, and who says it must be kept busy, made it to serve himself and to act according to his

will. It is therefore to be guided in all that it does by his Spirit dwelling in the soul. Thus will it always be the minister of love.

Then the third thing to be noticed is that whatever is done must be done earnestly, with all your might. You must employ the hands in useful labor with as keen a relish as in playing ball. If nothing else were gained by this earnestness, it would make you skillful and expert in profitable occupations, which is a great deal in itself. It is said that Thalberg, the eminent pianist, who could imitate by means of his wonderful touch the sweetest bird-notes and the trickling of water as it falls from moss-covered rocks, was accustomed to practice five hours a day when at the very height of his fame.

The female silk-twisters of Bengal are said to be able to distinguish by the touch alone twenty different degrees of fineness in the silk of unwound cocoons, which are sorted accordingly; and the Indian muslin-

weaver contrives, by the delicacy of his touch, to make the finest cambric in a loom of such simple construction that European fingers could make nothing better than a piece of canvas on it. These people make the most of their fingers—cultivate the sense of touch to the very highest degree. What their hands find to do they do with their might.

Still more striking examples are related of the extent to which the sense of touch may be improved by diligent use. Mr. Baker, in his “*Essay on the Microscope*,” says: “I myself have seen very lately, and have examined with the microscope, a chaise made by a watchmaker, having four wheels, with all the proper apparatus belonging to them, turning readily on their axles, together with a man sitting in the chaise, all formed of ivory, and drawn along by a flea without any seeming difficulty. I saw also at the same time and place a brass chain, made by the same hand, about two inches long, contain-

ing two hundred links, with a hook at one end and a padlock and key at the other.”

These instances of skill in the use of the fingers are not only curious—they are also instructive; and the lesson they teach is this: **MAKE THE MOST OF EVERY FACULTY GOD HAS GIVEN YOU.**

So much for the ordinary pursuits of life—the trade or profession you may choose for yourself.

But remember here that even in a trade or profession skill may be wrongly directed. The hands that are building a temple in which God is to be worshiped are very differently employed from the hands that are decorating a place of sinful amusement. The pen may write truth or it may write error.

One day I stopped for a few moments in front of a newspaper-stand while waiting for a street-car, and began talking with the boy who, in the absence of the proprietor, had charge of it. In the course of conver-

sation I learned that this boy went to school, and was thirteen years and nine months old. Directing his attention to some caricatures of men distinguished for their talent and the official positions they occupied, I asked him what he thought of them.

“Well,” said he, “they are amusing, but I do not like them altogether.” Then, pointing to one of the figures, he added, “Just look at that head; it looks more like the head of a monkey than the head of a man. That is meddling with God’s work.”

Was the boy right in thinking that the pencil ought to tell the truth as well as the tongue, and that the artist was guilty of a wrong in exhibiting features that could not be mistaken, and which yet were hardly human, or, if human, displayed traits of low and savage cunning which the individual was known not to possess?

Let love and truth guide your hands; then they will not do intentional wrong. Love and truth! precious words are these, for

God is Love and Christ is Truth ; and when these words are written on the heart, the hands will be busy, like God's infinite hand, and like the hand that was nailed to the cross, in doing what truth and love require. So may it be with your hands !

Temptation is often strong. Little Nelly was only five years old, yet her trial was as severe as if she had been fifty, and you may learn just as much from it. Her mother had taken great pains to instill into her mind the knowledge of right. One day she stood at the door of the dining-room, looking with great earnestness at a basket of fine peaches that stood on the table. Nelly knew she ought not to touch them without leave, yet there was a struggle between desire and conscience that would have ended in her doing the very thing she knew to be wrong had she not fled from herself. Soon her mother, who was watching her from an adjoining room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her hands.

“What ails you, Nelly?” inquired the mother.

“Oh, mother,” she exclaimed, “I wanted so much to take one of the peaches, but I thought I would first ask God if he had any objection.”

That is just the conflict that takes place frequently in the soul when God says, “Touch not.” But it does not always end as well—it never does when God is not consulted in the matter. The command of God is, “Touch not what is not your own. Touch not what will enslave both body and soul.” But the command is unheeded, and the forbidden peach is taken from the basket or the tree, and then the penny from the drawer, and then a dollar, and then a thousand. The strong drink kindles the fire of quenchless appetite, and soul and body go down together.

Remember the peril of the first unlawful touch, and what unhappiness it must bring even if repented of.

Jennie was playing in the dining-room all alone, and did not keep her eyes from a plate of cake that stood on the sideboard, but kept looking and wishing. At last she ventured to touch it, and then a little piece was in her mouth and eaten in a moment. But it did not taste half so good as she thought it would, for she could not help thinking all the time of the wrong she was doing.

Then she went to her play again. But she could not play, for she knew the eyes of God were upon her, and she heard the reproofs of her own conscience, which she knew to be the voice of God. All the reasoning by which she endeavored to persuade herself that she had done only a trifling wrong was of no avail. Her conscience told her that she had committed many sins at once: she had coveted, she had stolen, she had betrayed the confidence of her mother, she had offended God. Then she wept, and ran to her mother and confessed her fault.

All this alarm and grief, all these bitter tears, came from the one forbidden touch.

Much wiser was the conduct of the boy who had been charged by his mother, on her leaving home for the day, not to go out of the yard until her return.

“You can amuse yourself here,” she said, “and watch the house; and I hope you’ll have a good time.”

All went on very well until afternoon, when the tempter came in the shape of another boy, who came to ask him to go a nutting. The one said he could not, and the other urged compliance, and spoke of the black-eyed squirrels that were running about in the woods, and of the brown chest-nuts dropping fast on the ground. Meanwhile, the steps of both had brought them near to the gate. The gate was opened, the tempter went outside, and taking hold of the half-yielding hand, said,

“Come, one step more and the thing is done; and then only a little run, and we

can have a good time ; and where will be the harm ?”

That last word was the talisman that broke the spell.

“ No, no,” said the tempted boy as he started back ; “ I won’t take the first wrong step, for who knows all the terrible steps it might bring me to ?”

So he ran back into the house and up into his little room, hardly waiting to close gate or door, and knelt down to thank Him by whom he had been kept from taking the first wrong step.

There is a magic in the touch of love that is wonderful indeed—more wonderful than all the cunning workmanship of skillful fingers. It changes frowns into smiles and hate into gentleness. A kiss for a blow has made the uplifted hand fall in shame and quenched the passion betrayed by it. “ If one strike thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also,” was the counsel of Him who touched the eyes of the blind to open them, and the

ears of the deaf to unstop them, and who laid his hands upon little children to bless them.

The meaning of the Saviour's words in which he inculcated forbearance under injuries was beautifully illustrated in one of the public schools of Boston. The incident occurred in the primary department, in which the scholars were between four and eight years old. It was on the day when the children were allowed to ask any question.

"Please tell us," said a little boy, "what is meant by *overcoming evil with good*."

Just then a boy about seven who in some way had become provoked at his sister, who was two years younger than himself, doubled up his fist and struck her. She was angry in a moment, and raised her hand to strike him back. The teacher, who saw the uplifted hand, said quickly,

"Mary, you had better kiss your brother."

After a brief hesitancy and a look that showed the inward struggle, the child's re-

sentment was gone, and love took its place. She threw her arms about her brother's neck and pressed his lips with hers. The poor boy was utterly unprepared for such a kind return. He could not endure it. It broke his heart, and he burst out crying. Then the gentle sister took the corner of her apron and wiped away his tears and tried to comfort him, but he only cried the more. There were others who cried too. Nor did the school need any other answer to the question: "What is meant by overcoming evil with good?"

One hand guided by love is better than two hands intent upon evil. This was the conclusion to which a mother and her daughter came as they stood at the window and saw a young girl pass who had but one hand with which to do the work of two. She was poor, as the world calls it, but there was a gleam in her eye and a smile around her lips to which wealth and the possession of another hand could hardly

have added. To the one who stood at the window it was a surprise that one so dependent should at the same time be so glad—that with poverty and the loss of a hand there should be such full contentment and such unclouded joy. When she expressed this surprise to her mother, the secret of all this happiness was thus accounted for :

“Ruth’s heart is filled with the love of God. She tries to please him and to do good to all. With Christ’s love in her heart she is not poor, but rich, and has a kind of wealth that no one can steal from her. It seems a sad thing to have but one hand, but do you not think that it is better to have one hand and use it right than to have two and use them wrong?”

Just then two boys were seen fighting, and the one threw the other on the ground with great violence. The sensitive, sympathizing girl at the window witnessed the scene, and turning to her mother, said, “Oh yes ; I would choose to be Ruth, and have but one

hand, if I could not use my two hands in a right way."

One thought I must not forget. You need a helping hand, one stronger than your own, or your case will be desperate where temptations are so many and so strong. If there were no nerves of motion, you know, the finger could not obey the will. But then there is a power needed above your own to set the will right. Without this stronger helping hand, there will only be weakness and failure and sin.

When Colonel Carpenter was shot in the arm, and felt his strength fast going, he prepared to run across several rods of ground swept by a cross fire from the enemy and in the centre literally heaped up with the slain. "You will never try to cross there?" said his comrades. "Yes," he replied; "if I can but get behind the breastworks on the other side, my wound can be dressed and I shall live. Here I shall certainly die." Then began a race for life. The bullets flew and the shells

shrieked about him. On he ran. He gained the breastworks, and leaped with all his failing might. Vainly. Back he fell upon the bloody soil. And now a perfect storm of balls was poured upon him, but not one hit him. Mustering all his remaining strength, he rose, stepped back a little, and dashing forward blindly, leaped once more. It was his last effort to secure his own life, and it was in vain. Back again he fell, groaning, despairing. It was over. He must die, he thought. Just then a sand-bag moved, a hand was extended from behind it, and a voice said, "Carpenter, reach me your hand." The despairing man faintly stretched out his well arm, so that the hand of help could reach it, and in a moment more he was in safety and among friends. His life was saved.

When Christ's hand is upon yours, it will be strong and steady, and will play its part well. What other hand can mend the broken strings and put the soul in tune


again, so that all its tempers will be in harmony with truth and love? "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be made whole," said the poor woman whose hands were so weak that they were of no use to her or to anybody else. And so it was Jesus turned, and said, "Thy faith hath made thee whole," and from that moment her hands were strong again, and she could do a good day's work.

The touch of faith—what will it do for you? Why, it will bring to your aid Christ's wisdom and power and love, so that your hands will be guided by divine skill, and will be helping hands to others who are struggling to be free and are trying to do right.

TASTE.

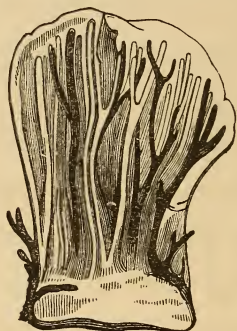
Doth not the mouth taste his meat ?—JOB xii. 11.

TASTE.

HE tongue is generally regarded as the organ of taste, though there are other parts of the mouth that help produce those sensations which are called sweet, sour, bitter, salt, and so on. Food is said to be "*palatable*" or otherwise, because the palate is supposed to aid us in determining whether what we eat is pleasant to the taste or not. These sensations reach the mind through fine thread-like nerves, such as have been already referred to in connection with sight, hearing and touch.

How this peculiar power is exercised by these "tasters" it is impossible for any one to explain to you, or why certain nerves should produce one impression and certain other nerves quite another. One set of these white cords enables us to distinguish the peculiar flavor of each kind of food, so

that even in the dark we should not mistake the strawberry for the peach, nor the apple for the plum. Another set of these cords,



TASTERS OF THE TONGUE.

You have here a magnified picture of the tasters of the tongue, showing the nerves of taste and the blood-vessels that feed them. These tasters project a little above the surface of the tongue, giving it a soft velvety appearance.

as you have learned, conveys the impression of sound; another set transfers to the mind the pictures of the outside world painted in the eye, and still another makes you conscious of the forms and qualities of external objects—whether they are round or flat, smooth or rough, hard or soft.

How great must be the wisdom of God

that thus imparts to the nerves, so similar in appearance and structure, these various offices. It is the way of this divine wisdom to accomplish much by means that are simple and few.

The object of taste is the proper selection of food. The taste reveals to us many of those properties of the things we eat which are essential to health. Salt, for example, is a very important article of diet for man, as it is also for the horse and the sheep; and there is a natural craving for it, as you may know from the fact that if you attempt to eat some kinds of food without it they are very repulsive. If you want to catch a horse who is running in the pasture, and who is too full of frolic to submit willingly to the halter, all you have to do is to put some salt upon your hand and let him see it; and if he ventures near enough to touch it with his tongue, you may take your own time in putting the bridle over his head. Now, were it not for the taste, and did your selection

depend upon sight or touch, you might mistake something else for salt. And though your feelings after a while would inform you of your error, yet there might be serious discomfort, and even danger, in repeating it again and again.

I remember an incident that illustrates how easy it is for the eye to blunder, at times, when it ventures to determine a question that belongs to one of the other senses. The incident occurred at a Sunday-school picnic, where happy families were gathered in groups to partake of the good things they had brought with them. A friend of mine invited me and others to join his circle; and there was no need of his urging our compliance, for the coffee was steaming over the fire, and there was a large dish of strawberries that had been carefully washed at a neighboring spring and were all ready for distribution. A happy circle we were as we sat on the grass around the tempting viands. The strawberries were handed round, the

largest and most luscious the market afforded—not in stinted measure, for the plates were heaped up until they could hold no more. The eager fingers of each one of the company grasped the offered spoon, and each spoon in another moment went loaded with berries to the mouth, when—what think you? Why, the berries had been salted instead of being sugared. Again were they taken to the cold, gushing spring, and washed more carefully than before. But the salt had gone to the very heart of each particular berry, where no water could reach it. Had the good man who prepared this generous feast for us only tasted the salt instead of trusting his eyes, the mistake would not have occurred. But the resemblance between salt and sugar in touch and look was so great that he was easily deceived.

Besides the selection of food, another object of taste undoubtedly is to impart additional pleasure to the act of eating. And here we see the goodness of God most plainly

again. All the articles of food that are most essential, and on which the preservation of life and a healthy condition of the body depend, are what are called *palatable*—that is, convey a pleasant sensation through the palate or organs of taste.

Without doubt, God might have made the bread and the fruits we eat without that peculiar relish which makes them so agreeable the moment we put them in the mouth, and might have enabled us in some other way to distinguish one substance from another; so that the juice of the pear and the flavor of the cherry would not delight us as they do now. Or he might have imparted a less degree of relish to each, and made the difference less. Now, when the strawberries come in early summer, we think we never tasted anything so pleasant. When the taste for these is somewhat blunted, if that is possible, the raspberries come with their own peculiar flavor, so different and yet so attractive. Then comes the blackberry,

very different from each, and the currant with its charming acidity, which many a child has pressed with his tongue until the roof of his mouth was sore, and then the peach, with sugar and cream if you choose, in whose praise I need say nothing; and so on through the whole list until the apples are gathered and put away for winter's use.

I have not spoken of the grape and the fig, the melon and the pomegranate. These are among the first fruits of which we find any particular notice in history. One of the most cheering promises to God's chosen people before they went into Canaan was that they were to take possession of a land flowing with milk and honey; and when they thought of these articles of food, we may suppose that they thought of them not only as essential to life, but also as pleasant to the taste. When the spies were sent by Moses to bring a report of the country which was one day to be theirs, the men brought bunches of grapes into the

camp so large and heavy that they had to carry them on a pole—a beautiful sight indeed, but more delightful even to the taste than to the eye.

Then there are different flavors even among fruits of the same kind. All apples, all pears, all cherries, do not taste alike. Of grapes there are no less than fifteen hundred varieties described, and all these vary more or less in flavor. Thus does the kindness of our heavenly Father afford us, through this one sense, constantly diversified gratification.

It would make a long list if I were to mention all the principal fruits that are cultivated as articles of food. The list would include the banana and the date, and all the fruits that grow in the different countries of the world, and would require me to write more than seventy words even to name them, and then I would leave out of the account many that grow wild and are less thought of, together with all the

various kinds of nuts. All these are distinguished from each other by the impression they make upon the sense of taste—each brings to the mind, through this sense, a somewhat and often a widely different pleasure.

Then I want you to think of the many forms in which these articles of food are presented, so that the eye and the touch are gratified as well as the taste, and I want you to think of the many interesting circumstances connected with their production, such as the planting of the seed and its growth into a stalk or bush or tree, with their differently shaped leaves, and the blossoms that often cover the branches, as in the case of the apple, the cherry and the peach. All this adds to our conception of the divine love; for it would have been possible for God, even in varying the flavor of the different kinds of fruit, to have created them alike in shape and to have made them grow without any show of blos-

soms, and on trees or vines whose leaves would have been formed very much alike. Now, look at the corn, with its long, large, pointed leaves, and the tassel that gracefully crowns each stalk, and then look at the wheat, with its hard, strong, hollow stem, bearing upon its top the hundred kernels that have grown from one, and then at a field of buckwheat when it is a thickly covered flower-bed, filling the air with the smell of the honey that the bees gather from it.

There was no need of all this variety that so delights the eye before it reaches the taste, except so far as God's love required it. His power might have ordered it otherwise.

And whilst I am talking about this, let us look at salt a little more closely, and it will help you to see how wonderful are the arrangements that serve the sense of taste.

Salt does not grow like the orange or the almond. I hold in my hand a description

of this substance, and of the manner of obtaining it, which some one has written in reply to a boy's question, and which I will read to you, in part at least, because the answer will be quite as interesting and instructive to you as it was to him.

George went to pasture to carry a bucket of salt for the cattle. "How queer," said George, "that nothing can live without salt! What is salt?" "Why, salt is salt, to be sure," said the hired man. That is so. But the answer did not quite satisfy George.

There is a metal called sodium, which looks like silvery globes, and is a sort of cousin to gold and silver. If these little globes in their way over the world meet and are breathed upon by a yellowish-green vapor called chlorine, they vanish in an instant, and in the place of sodium and chlorine there is a grain of salt. It is a happy thing in nature that these two do come together very often, otherwise we should have no salt.

It is found everywhere. Besides the great oceans, there are salt lakes, and salt springs, and salt mountains, and salt fields. England has a salt field eighty miles long, Spain has a great mountain of salt, and Poland has some wonderful mines where you are let down a pit—down, down—and come to workshops where hundreds of men are hewing out blocks of pure white salt, which shine and sparkle in the lamplight like diamonds.

Salt springs are very common. Virginia and New York have enough to supply the whole country; and in case these should fail, there is old ocean.

If water gives us salt, so also does fire. After an eruption, the cracks and crevices of Mount Vesuvius are often covered with a thick coat of salt. Huge blocks of it were once taken from very near its burning mouth. The poor people of Iceland, too, often carry whole wagon-loads of salt from Mount Hecla.

There are plants also which could yield

a small supply. By the sea-shore grows a gray, prickly plant called saltwort. Our soda comes from the ashes of this very plant. Do you know the curious and pretty ice-plant? It sometimes grows in gardens—oftener in green-houses. This is a great treasure to the people of the Canary Islands, who raise it in large fields, pull it up, burn it, and drive a good trade with the soda which they get from its ashes.

Thus far the answer to George's question tells us what salt is and where it comes from. It will not be amiss to add here some other facts mentioned concerning this substance which addresses itself so strongly to the taste, seasoning the potatoes but making the strawberries quite unpalatable. Such facts as these illustrate its value to animal life: "The wild buffalo on the plains, and the deer, as well as the cattle in our barnyards, are fond of it. Indeed, life would perish without salt. In old times, when cruelty was the fashion, one of the worst

punishments was not to let a poor criminal have a grain of salt in his food; and the consequence was a slow and terrible death."

And out of the value attached to this substance by all nations grew the custom long ago among the Arabs of binding their bargains by the use of salt. "A tray of salt is put between the two contracting parties; each takes a lick, and that means good faith for ever."

Thus I might go on, and tell you even more at length about other substances that are agreeable to the taste. If you wanted to learn all that could be learned, you would have to read all the books that have been written about fruit-bearing shrubs and trees in all lands, and even after that you might keep on learning every day.

But leaving all this, I want to say something else here that is quite as important.

Taste is a great temptation to unlawful indulgence in eating and drinking. What I mean by unlawful indulgence is everything

beyond what the body requires to keep it in the most healthy condition.

Remember that I am talking of the care you owe to your body as a *religious* duty. The Bible tells you that you are to glorify, please, obey, God in your body as well as in your soul, and you can easily see the reason of this. If the body is the temple in which the spirit dwells, you ought not to let the temple fall into ruin. If the body is the instrument that enables you to show your love to God by doing his will, you ought to keep it, if possible, in good repair. When the walls of a house of worship become stained and the roof is leaky, painters and slaters are set to work, and all is made beautiful and water-tight again. When the loom on which beautiful silks are woven is out of order, it is at once mended, and fitted again for its delicate and skillful work. Now, there is no such house of worship and no such machinery as that body of yours, and you cannot serve God with it as you

ought if it be all broken down and spoiled. It is a grander, nobler piece of workmanship than has ever displayed the skill of man—no cathedral or palace, however costly, will compare with it—and what God has so fearfully and wonderfully made, should be watched over and cared for, and protected, if possible, from injury and decay, for if the body is weak and shattered, it will be impossible for the soul to do as well, or even to feel as well, as if it were healthy and strong.

Bear this in mind. I want you to look upon your body as the instrument God has made for the soul to work with, as the loom with which you are to weave beautiful pictures every day of deeds done for him, as the temple in which he is to be worshiped. Bear this in mind, and then you will rightly understand what I am going to say about *taste as a source of temptation*.

Remember that taste and hunger go together. Now, *hunger* should always rule, and never be ruled by, its companion.

You will see the truth of this if you know what hunger is. Hunger is a sentinel stationed at the door of life to tell you when the body requires food. It is, as it were, the voice of God himself, saying, "Now it is time to eat." How much, then, ought you to eat in obedience to this voice? Just enough to silence it, and no more. The moment you eat more than enough to satisfy hunger you do the body more harm than good.

Well, what has taste to do with all this mischief? I will tell you. Taste has been appointed the handmaid of hunger, to wait upon it and spread the table for it, and hunger has been appointed to preside at the feast, and to say "Enough," when the body has received all it needs. But the mischief begins when taste, the mere help and handmaid, stands behind the chair of each guest, and whispers in the ear, "Eat more than enough."

I believe you understand that; but lest

you may not, let me make it a little plainer. Have you not often kept on eating because it *tasted* so good until you felt that you had eaten far more than enough? In this way it is that taste is a temptation to over-indulgence. You sit down at a table loaded with good things in great variety; you partake eagerly and largely of every dish because each is so palatable, and the result is surfeiting.

All this is said in the Bible. The same words may not be there, but the same command to abstain from the sin of gluttony is there. Whether you eat or drink, you are to do all to the glory of God, which means that you are to eat and drink so as to keep your body unimpaired, and so as not to dull the mind and stupefy the soul.

And just here I want to say another thing. You must let reason and conscience regulate your taste. You are not like the horse and the ox in this respect. They seldom, if ever, indulge too freely. Their food

is simple ; and when the cravings of hunger are satisfied, they stop eating. They do not reason on the subject. They have not conscience to guide them. Neither have you those strong and commanding instincts which keep them from doing themselves harm. You must study God's law and your own physical and moral nature, and act accordingly.

You must curb the appetite as you curb the horse that is carrying you with his swift feet over smooth roads among pleasant fields. All is well enough so long as he does not run away with you. And well enough also is it to indulge the sense of taste within the bounds of reason, but you must have the fences high and the reins strong, or it will carry you into excess.

What is the object of eating ? It is to make good again the daily wear and tear of the body. You know how it is with an ordinary machine ; the wood and iron of which it is composed are continually wearing away,

and after a while new parts have to be put in the places of those that are worn out. Well, it is just so with the human body, with this difference—that the body is a living machine so constructed as to be able to repair itself. In this living machine there is waste and decay every moment. You cannot walk, you cannot lift your arm, without causing the destruction of some of the particles of which the muscles are composed. The object of the food is to repair this loss—to build up again, particle for particle, so that the body will retain its form, and be as vigorous as if there were none of this waste going on.

The food is converted into blood, and the blood, running to every part of the body, leaves here and there and everywhere the materials that will serve to rebuild the waste places. And you need just food enough to accomplish this. Any more than enough is hurtful, because this rebuilding is done by certain organs which become overworked if you supply them with more material than

they want. So long as the supply is only equal to the demand, they perform their daily task without weariness; but when the supply is greater than the demand, they become weary and worn out in getting rid of the surplus. It is very much as if you were building a house with your own hands, and the hod-carrier were to bring you many more brick and much more mortar than you wanted; it would not only trammel you in your work, but if you had to remove what you did not use, it would double your labor, and leave you no time for rest.

The mind too is concerned in this curbing of the appetite, as well as the body, as I have already told you. Excess in eating interferes with study, and often makes one cross and disobliging. It causes the brain to throb and the head to ache, and spoils the temper at the same time.

Curb the appetite, I have said, as you curb the spirited horse. One good way to curb the horse is to increase the load. If

you have four persons in your carriage, you will not have to pull at the reins as hard as if you are alone. The horse that can hardly be managed before a light wagon becomes very sedate and gentle when you put him to drawing a ton of hay.

One way to curb the appetite is to share generously with others the good things that are so pleasant to the taste. If boys and girls betray their selfishness anywhere, it is almost sure to be in eating and drinking. I have more than once seen a boy with an apple in his hand so big that he could hardly hold it, and a brother or sister looking wistfully on while he munched it to the last bite without offering any one else a taste. From

Little Jack Horner,

who

Sat in a corner

Eating his Christmas pie,

to the lad who takes his plum-cake to college, and who is frequently absent from the recitation-room while it lasts, there is the same foolish and hurtful excess which a little

generosity would cure ; and the cure would not only promote the health of the body, but do the soul good too.

There is an excellent story told about "*tasteless kisses*" that illustrates this.

It was a pretty room, full of all the little indescribable home-like comforts that make one involuntarily feel a sense of cosiness and rest. There was a canary in the window singing prophecies of spring. There were flowers in full bloom, and there were children who ought to have been happy in hearing the bird and in the sight of the flowers, if they were not.

"Now, Harry," said Florry, "you ought to give me half of that orange."

"I sha'n't do it," replied Harry ; "I want it all myself."

"But mamma tells you always to give me half of your things."

"I don't care," said the little fellow, with an assumption of bravery that was very amusing.

Then Florry turned to her mother, and asked appealingly, "Can't Harry give me half his orange?"

"It's his own orange, dear," replied her mother, looking up serenely from the frock she was embroidering. Meanwhile, the little powers in the corner carried on a quiet sort of warfare, the one obstinate, the other tearful.

By and by bedtime drew near, and nurse carried off the combatants to the nursery. After a few moments she returned, and their mother went to them to hear their prayers and tuck them into bed. This visit was never omitted, and it was the happiest half hour in the day to mother and children. There was a great deal of loving, a great deal of frolicking, in that half hour. All the little difficulties of the day were settled, and the little faults confessed and pardoned, so that the darlings could go to bed quite content and happy.

On this particular evening Florry and

Harry stood in their night-gowns on the hearth warming their little pink toes. The mother sat down, and they both sprang into her lap. She kissed and caressed them, but Harry soon perceived a lack somewhere, which he expressed thus :

“You don’t kiss me so sweet to-night, mamma.”

“Don’t I, Harry? Well, it must be your fault, then, for I always love my darling just the same. Perhaps you have been naughty or selfish some time to-day.”

The round, rosy face grew very grave and thoughtful: “Perhaps it was the orange, mamma.”

Florry listened with big eyes.

“Perhaps,” answered mamma.

“But you said I needn’t give it to Florry.”

“I said it was your own ; I do not force you to give up your own things, but I was sorry that you were so selfish as to want to keep it all. Nobody’s kisses will taste sweet when you are selfish.”

“But, mamma,” persisted the little reasoner, “why didn’t you make me give half to Florry?”

“I can’t make you do things. I could have forced your hands to give half the orange to sister; but if your heart had not been willing, you wouldn’t really have given it to her, would you, dear?”

“No, mamma.”

“Now, Harry, if your heart is right, and you wish you had given Florry the half orange, when you have another you can give her the whole. How will that do?”

Harry threw his arms around Florry’s chubby neck, saying,

“I’ll give you the piece I ate up to-day with my heart now; then when I get another orange I’ll give you all—every bit.”

“Yes,” said the little sister, returning her brother’s hug with interest.

The affair of the orange thus settled on a satisfactory and solid basis, the kisses tasted sweet; and after a great many had been ex-

changed, Florry and Harry were put into their cunning little cribs, and were asleep in a twinkling. Mamma went back to her room, softly humming snatches of a tender song, and the one who witnessed all this followed, thinking over and over again, "Nobody's kisses taste sweet when we are selfish."

Yes, the soul is gifted with taste as well as the body; but before I say more about that, I want to tell you that in curbing the appetite you are to be cautious in regard to what you drink as well as in regard to what you eat.

The most natural drink and the most abundant—that which God has provided for all, and which may be usually had without money and without price—is water. Nothing is so welcome to the thirsty man as this. The Bible speaks of streams in the desert as among the most valuable of all blessings.

Thirst, like hunger, is a sentinel at the door of life, saying, "Now is the time to drink." The rivers flow, and the springs gush out of the hills and tumble playfully

over the rocks, as if they were saying to every one, "Here is plenty, and here is joy ; quench your thirst, and be glad."

Pure water is always beautiful, and all the more so because it is full of health and never sets the brain on fire, never brings poverty and shame upon those who drink it. One morning in the early summer-time I opened the window just as the sun was rising, and saw on the tree opposite more dew-drops hanging from the leaves than I could count ; and when the sun kissed them, they blushed into all the colors of the rainbow. More beautiful than the opal, more sparkling than the diamond, was each little drop, and each one seemed to say, "Men will not be destroyed if they will only drink me, and the homes that are now wretched because men love other drink shall become bright as the green fields, and be filled with plenty like the trees that grow on the river's bank."

Water is among God's best and greatest



A WATERFALL IN CHINA.

gifts. Therefore he has made the ocean so broad and deep that there may be always enough and to spare, and that it may be free to all as the air they breathe. The sunbeams lift it from every sea, leaving the salt behind; the pure water gathers in the clouds, and falls upon the mountains and in the valleys. It forms the sparkling rills and the glorious waterfalls that bound from rock to rock. It fills the streams, and we dip it eagerly from the overflowing fountain and quench our thirst. The corn grows more thriftily as the rain-drops fall around the thirsty roots and find their way into every little open mouth; the strong oak is glad when the showers descend; the meadows put on their brightest looks, and the drooping flowers lift up their heads. Every leaf on which the liquid beads are hanging, and every bird that drinks and then warbles its note of thanks, seems to say,

“Water, cold water, for me.”

God's most abundant gifts are of greatest

value. The shining drops distilled from the briny sea are worth more than precious stones.

A traveler once missed his way and lost himself in the desert. Faint and trembling for want of water, he discovered a small bag lying on the ground. Had it been a pouch of water, it would have been welcome indeed. But, alas! it contained nothing but pearls. Though they were worth thousands of dollars, they were of less value to him at that moment than a single drink would have been from some clear fountain. So he prayed earnestly to God for help, and in answer to his prayer a Moor, who had lost the pearls, came riding hastily on his camel, and brought the thirsty man to a green spot beneath a palm tree where the water was sparkling in the sun. When he knelt down and the water touched his parched lips, it was as if he said to the kind Moor who rescued him,

“Worth more than gold or pearls, you see,
Each little drop that strengthens me.”

There is wealth in cold water. It imparts serenity to the mind, and purity to the blood, and vigor to the limbs, and shuts the door against want. Let your taste for drink be in accordance with nature. Love what the trees and the birds love, that you may bear precious fruit and sing glad and thankful songs.

It was in the winter, and the snow was falling, when a young man staggered into an old wooden building and lay down upon straw. Somehow, during the night, the straw took fire, and he was terribly and fatally burned. This young man had culture and friends, and once had wealth too. He might have had a brilliant career; but his taste became perverted by the use of strong drink, and he was lost. Let *Taste* not be written upon the drink that intoxicates the brain, and impairs the reason, and destroys self-respect, and stamps eternal ruin upon the soul.

Said a brave boy who understood God's

law and obeyed it: "I would like to have ruddy cheeks and bright eyes and vigorous limbs. But they say that strong drink dims the eye and whitens the cheek and enfeebles the frame; therefore I will not drink at all.

"I would like to have a clear mind, so that I may think on great things. But they say that strong drink clouds the mind, and often destroys it; therefore I will not drink at all.

"I would like to have a peaceful heart and a quiet conscience, so that I may be truly happy. But they say that strong drink fills many a heart with misery, and implants in many a conscience a sting; therefore I will not drink at all.

"I would like to have a happy home and a happy fireside, where I could rejoice with loving brothers and sisters and parents. But they say that strong drink makes ten thousand homes wretched; therefore I will not drink at all.

"I would like to serve God, and do good

to others. But they say that strong drink drives God out of the soul, and makes it unkind and cruel to others ; therefore I will not drink at all."

These were wise resolves, and this is what they meant: I will keep my taste pure as God made it, so that it shall always bring me health and friends. I will never debase it; for if I do, it will in turn debase me, and instead of being served by it I shall become its victim and its slave. Wise shall we be if we make the same resolve.

The soul too is gifted with taste as well as the body, and like that of the body it is often perverted and wrong. Indeed, it always is until Jesus makes it right. The soul has a natural taste for sin. It prefers it to obedience and holiness, and Jesus has come to put it in love with purity and truth. The soul needs healthy food and drink, and Jesus offers it the bread and water of life. He has made a feast and spread a table, and says, "Behold, my oxen

and fatlings are ready ;” “ If any one thirst, let him come unto me and drink.”

You know how it was with Jesus himself. Once he was very hungry, and his disciples went to a neighboring village to buy something to eat. When they returned, their Master did not seem hungry at all, and they were surprised, and wondered whether any one had ministered to his wants during their absence. His answer to their surmising was, “ My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish his work.”

What your soul needs is the will to do God’s will. Let it have this, and then its taste will be right, and there will be enough for it to eat and to drink. Only come to Jesus and believe in him, and you will desire nothing but what it is best and lawful for you to have. His own words tell you that if you come to him you shall never hunger, and if you believe in him you shall never thirst.

When the Jews were in the wilderness,

Moses touched the hard rock with his rod, and the water flowed out. That rock, you are told, was Christ. As the rock was struck in the wilderness, so was Christ smitten on the cross; and out of his wounded side have been flowing ever since the promises and provisions of your heavenly Father's love. The bread of life is right before you: it is the pardon of sin, and strength to do what God would have you do. The water of life is flowing at your very feet: it is the power of Jesus to wash and cleanse the soul. All you have to do is to reach out and drink.

A ship was sailing in the waters of the Southern Atlantic, when those on board saw another vessel making signals of distress. They bore down toward the distressed ship, and hailed it with the cry, "What is the matter?"

"We are dying for water," was the response.

"Dip it up, then," was answered—"dip it

up; you are in the mouth of the Amazon River."

There those sailors were thirsting and suffering and fearing, and longing for water, and supposing there was only the ocean's brine around them, when in fact they had sailed unconsciously into the broad mouth of the mightiest river on the globe, and did not know it. Though to them it seemed that they must perish with thirst, yet there were miles of fresh water all around them, and they had nothing to do but to dip it up.


So Jesus says, "If any man"—any one, man, woman or child—"thirst, let him come unto me and drink." The water is all around you. All that you need to make you pure and happy and useful is, to dip and drink, and thirst no more.

SMELL.

Awake, O north wind, and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out.—SOLOMON'S SONG iv. 16.

An odor of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God.—PHILIPPIANS iv. 18.

SMELL.

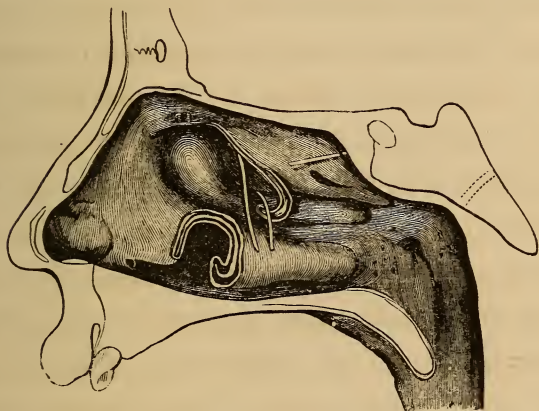
HE organ of smell is the nose—a feature of the face that varies in shape and size far more than the eye or the ear. It has much to do with the symmetry of the human countenance, and in connection with the other organs is a proof of the wisdom that has so arranged them all as to produce upon the mind an impression of fitness and beauty.

There is nothing more beautiful than the face of a happy child, the eye lit up with pleasure as it looks upon the green fields, while the clover or the new-mown hay fills the air with sweetness that is drawn in with every breath, and the bird-song strikes the ear and sends music to the soul. Two ears are better than one, and two eyes are better than one, though the one were so constructed

as to do the work of two, because there is more beauty in the arrangement. And one nose is better than two for the same reason.

The sense of smell could be spared more easily than either of the other senses, and it seems therefore mainly intended to add to our enjoyment. Still, it has its uses. In some degree it helps our choice between healthful and hurtful food. When the air is full of unhealthy gases, it often warns us of their presence. If, for example, you go from the fresh, pure atmosphere that you are apt to find out of doors on a cold winter day into a close, heated room occupied by several persons, the sense of smell will tell you that there is poison in the air. If putrid meat is put on the table, your nose tells you not to eat it—that it is not fit for food. If vegetables are decaying in the cellar, your faithful nose bids you take them away, so that you may not breathe the foul gases. It is a great help to the blind in enabling them to distinguish one substance

from another. It may sometimes detect sin, as when the breath of the tempted boy reveals the secret of his having eaten the forbidden fruit. To those animals who depend



THE HUMAN NOSTRIL.

In the engraving you can see the soft membrane within the cavity of the human nose over which the nerves of smell are spread. This membrane, or coating, passes over the hollow space, and has foldings, so as to give a larger surface for the spreading of the nerves, and thus increase the power of smelling.

upon it in hunting their prey it is very important, and even indispensable.

Within the nose there is a membrane or lining, soft and velvety, over which small

threads that you have learned to call nerves are spread. These are so arranged as to resemble "the twigs of a branch, and the many branches within the nostril join together, so as to form larger branches, which may be likened to the boughs of a tree. These finally terminate in a number of stems or trunks, several for each nostril, which pass upward through openings provided for them, and terminate in the brain," and thus the impression of the odor, whether pleasant or unpleasant, is carried to the mind.

But how is the impression produced? When you pass a clover-field, it is supposed that particles of the clover are floating in the air, and that these particles come in contact with the olfactory nerve, as the nerve of smell is called, and that this gives rise to the agreeable sensation. So, if it is an orange or a magnolia you smell, the sensation is thought to be produced in the same way. According to this idea, minute portions of the substance, whether it be a cake

hot from the oven or something else, are continually passing off, and are drawn into the nostrils with every breath. This may account for the fact that when you are hungry, and get the smell of a good dinner, it makes your mouth water. It is as if you had a foretaste of the welcome food. These particles, however, are so small as to be invisible to the eye, nor can they be seen by the aid of the most powerful microscope. How small they are it is impossible to tell or conceive. It is said that a grain of musk is capable of perfuming for several years a room twelve feet square without seeming to lose anything in size or weight. Such a room contains two million nine hundred and eighty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-four cubic inches, and each cubic inch contains one thousand cubic tenths of an inch, making in all nearly three billions of cubic tenths of an inch. Now, it is possible—indeed, almost certain—that each such cubic tenth of an inch of the air of the

room contains one or more of the particles of the musk, and that this air has been changed many thousands of times. The number of particles that thus pass off from the single grain of musk in several years can hardly be imagined, it is so great, and yet, taken together, they weigh and measure so little that the grain of musk seems to have lost nothing whatever.

This reminds me of the influence of a pure and useful life. As the apple-blossoms fill the air with their fragrance, while they retain their form and beauty, so there can be no loss to yourself in the good words you speak and the good deeds you perform. You may make others happy in every way you can, and yet the gladness you shed around you will take nothing from your own. Let your gentle looks be multiplied until they cannot be counted, and the heart from which they come will be just as large and just as full as before they went out.

This provision, by means of which we

derive additional pleasure from many objects that are useful and beautiful to the eye, as well as pleasant to the touch, is another proof of the love that made man as he is. Let us look at this a little, that we may learn more of God and more of his love to us.

Take now an apple in your hand and examine it. What is the main purpose for which that apple has been created? It is said that one main purpose is the perpetuation of fruit of its own kind. And so, if you cut it open, you find the seeds from which, if planted, new trees will grow. They are carefully laid away in the very centre, and surrounded by hard cases in which they can move freely, these cases being surrounded in their turn by the pulp of which the apple mostly consists. This pulp sustains life. And therefore another main purpose of the creation of the apple is that it may be eaten by man and beast.

These two purposes, the preservation of

the seed, and the supply of food are indispensable.

But now pass your fingers over the apple, and notice its smoothness and how pleasant it is to the touch. Look at its form; how beautifully round or oval it is! and how graceful the indentation at each end!—the one to admit the stem by which it adheres to the tree, and through which it receives its nourishment until it becomes ripe, and the other ornamented with a five-parted crown. Then look at its color—green speckled with black, or yellow, with a red cheek, or red, striped with a deeper red. This smoothness and this beauty of form and color are not essential either to the preservation of the seed or to the nourishment it affords as food. God has added these because he is so good, and wants to multiply the sources of our happiness.

Now eat the apple, and in its luscious taste you have another proof of the same love.

But, before the apple, comes the blossom,

and that too is beautiful to the eye and pleasant to the touch. Yet this is not all. It also yields a perfume that awakens delightful emotions in the mind through the sense of smell. Here is still another proof of the same love; for even the visible blossom might have been withheld, or if visible it might have been made without any beauty to attract the eye and without any power to fill the air with sweetness and send to us a new joy with every breath.

“What plant we in the apple tree?
Sweets for a hundred flowery springs,
To load the May wind’s restless wings,
When, from the orchard-row, he pours
Its fragrance through our open doors;
A world of blossoms for the bee,
Flowers for the sick girl’s silent room,
For the glad infant sprigs of bloom,
We plant with the apple tree.

“What plant we in the apple tree?
Fruit that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop as gentle airs come by
That fan the blue September sky.

While children, wild with noisy glee,
Shall scent their fragrance as they pass,
And search for them the tufted grass
At the foot of the apple tree."

A poor invalid had been confined to her room for many years. Do you think she was found crying because she could not go out into the sunshine? No; she seemed very happy. One day she was looking at a bunch of beautiful roses that filled her room with fragrance, and said to one who called to see her, "I am glad you have come, for you can enjoy these roses with me."

"What beauties!" said her friend; "where did you get them?"

"I don't know where they came from," was the answer. "They were left at the door yesterday, with a message that the Lord sent them, and I like to think he did."

Yes, without doubt the Lord sent her those roses, for he made them grow and gave them all their sweetness, and then he guided the hand that plucked them and brought them as the Lord's gift. "Inas-

much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my disciples, ye have done it unto me," are the words of the Lord himself to those who run on his errands, whether they carry a cup of cold water or a bunch of roses.

I remember visiting frequently a sick girl in whose "silent room," upon a small table, fresh flowers were placed each morning. These flowers were sent to her daily by a young friend of hers, and she often spoke of their fragrance as a great joy. It seemed to her like a "still, small voice," whispering words of comfort and cheer, speaking of her heavenly Father's love and bidding her put her trust in him.

The sense of hearing and the sense of smell seem to be somewhat related in this, that the same air carries sound to the one and odor to the other. King Solomon called upon the north wind and the south wind to blow upon his garden, and bear to him the fragrance of the spices that grew there, and

the same wind carried to his ear the music of the birds who built their nests and reared their young in the trees whose blossoms and fruit spiced the air.

Let me say to you now a few more words about gardens, and the flowers that grow there, and the winds that lift the sweet odors and carry them away through "open doors" and windows. Flowers without fragrance are not as highly valued as those that are sweet to the smell. For this reason the little, unpretending violet ranks above many flowers whose showy forms and glowing colors render them far more attractive to the eye. We love the clover-fields because they are so sweet. Those gardens are most inviting whose beds are bordered with fragrant flowers. Those breezes are most welcome which bring to us the smell of the honeysuckle and its lovely sisters.

But this is not all I want to say. When I speak of gardens and flowers and winds, I want you to see and understand their

deeper meaning. You know that in the word of God all natural objects, such as the trees, and the clouds, and the mountains, and the wheat-fields, are regarded as emblems of higher truths. The good man, for example, is said to be like a tree planted by the water-course, its roots constantly moistened and its branches sure to be green and fruitful. So that whenever you look at a tree thus situated you are to think of the happy and flourishing condition of the man who is doing his best to serve God, and who is receiving from Heaven constant supplies of wisdom and strength, which, like the full, flowing stream, keep him from being unfruitful.

The people of God are likened to a watered garden, and the Spirit of God is spoken of as the wind that fans the plants of this garden, bringing to them their life, and at the same time bearing away to others the attractive sweetness of their blossoming and fruit-bearing obedience.

What I mean is this: Your life is to be full of fragrance. There is to be something more than words or deeds—a purity, a loveliness, that, like the perfume of the flowers, gives to words and deeds their greatest charm.

Let me make my meaning still plainer, if I can, by telling you a parable.

Samuel, the judge and ruler of Israel, one day visited the school of the prophets which he had established at Gibeah. The progress of the scholars in the various branches of knowledge and in vocal and instrumental music greatly delighted him.

Among the scholars was a young man named Adonijah. Samuel was much delighted with his appearance. His complexion was dark, his countenance beautiful and his voice strong and pleasing. But his soul was full of pride. He thought himself wiser than seven sages, and his intercourse with his teachers was full of insult and conceit.

Samuel pitied the youth, for he knew that this foolish pride would destroy his usefulness. "This boy," said Samuel to himself, "might become a prophet in Israel, but he is defeating the purpose for which his talents were given him."

It was the season in which the vine is in bloom. Samuel, taking the young man into a vineyard upon the side of a mountain, said to him, "Adonijah, what seest thou?"

Adonijah answered, "I see a vineyard, and it wafts over me the perfume of its many blossoms."

"Did you ever notice these blossoms?" said Samuel; "if not, come here and examine them closely."

Then the youth took one in his hand, looked at it long and carefully, and said,

"How unpretending it is, and how small—how modest in hue and humble in form!"

"And yet," replied Samuel, "it produces goodly fruit to cheer the heart of man. Thus, Adonijah, must be your growth in

the season of your bloom, if that life of yours is ever to bring forth precious fruit. Remember the vine in your blooming youth."

Adonijah cherished all the words of Samuel in his heart, and from that moment was full of a mild and gentle spirit. He was soon universally beloved, and grew in wisdom and in the knowledge of himself, and his name was praised throughout all Israel.

Words are easily spoken, and many deeds are easily done; but to speak and to act with that humility, that self-forgetfulness, which is the fragrance of all true words and noble deeds, is not so easy. He who made the flowers and gave them the power to send out their sweet odors must create in you, my young friend, the spirit of love, which is the spirit of humility, or your life will never send out a winning sweetness that will make your presence gladden others.

Let me remind you again that this fra-

grance of which I am speaking is neither seen nor heard. Have you never met persons with whom you were pleased the first time you saw them? You knew not why, only there was something about them, not put on, but surrounding them, as the perfume surrounds the flower, by which you were attracted. This something, whatever it is, you should aim to make your own. It is not yours by nature. It is the gift of grace—the gift of God’s loving Spirit—and grows out of the life implanted in the soul by him.

“I’ll tell your mother of you,” said one little girl to another.

“Tell her,” was the response; “you cannot tell her anything wrong of me that I do not tell her myself.”

That was a true, outspoken humility, and I venture to say a girl so candid and free from pride had many friends, and that she had made Jesus her friend and had received this temper from him.

“Father, what can I do for you to-day?” asked a dear little girl, looking up from the breakfast-table into her father’s face.

“Why do you want to do anything for a big man like me?” asked her father.

“Because I love you so,” was the answer.

Love cannot hold back its fragrance, any more than the flower, and what a sweet, winning life a pure love always makes!

Two brothers and a sister were rambling one beautiful spring day over the fields. The larks were singing and the flowers still had the dew upon them, and were unfolding in the mild rays of the sun. Then one of them said, “Let each of us select a favorite flower.” The proposal pleased the others, and away they bounded over the fields, each to cull the flower that delighted most. In a short time they returned, bringing their flowers with them.

“I have chosen the violet,” said Gustavus, “because it blooms in silent modesty among leaves and grass. It is honored and loved

by men, and sung in beautiful songs as the first-born child of spring. These are the reasons why I have chosen it as my favorite flower."

Then he gave Herman and Malvina each one of his flowers, and each received it with inward joy, for it was the favorite flower of a brother.

Then Herman showed his nosegay. It was composed of the tender lily that grows in the cool shade, and lifts up its bells like pearls strung together, and white as the light of the sun.

"I have chosen this flower," said he, "because it is the emblem of innocence and of a pure heart, and it proclaims to me the love of Him who adorns heaven with stars and the earth with flowers. Did not the Saviour point to it as the pledge of our heavenly Father's care, and as a reason for our trust in him? Therefore it is my favorite;" and he handed one to his brother and one to his sister, who received them

gladly, and thus the flower was consecrated by their mutual love.

Then Malvina displayed her nosegay. It was composed of the tender blue forget-me-not.

“I found this flower,” said she, “near the brook. It is reflected in the clear water on whose margin it grows, and the little stream looks as if it were crowned with wreaths. It is the emblem of love and gentleness, and I present it to you both.” She gave it with a kiss, and with a kiss her brothers thanked her.

Then they made two garlands of the flowers and carried them home, and told the story of their pleasant rambles.

“A beautiful wreath!” said their mother — “love, innocence and modesty twined together. And see how one flower elevates and adorns the other, and thus they form unitedly the most lovely crown.”

“There is but one thing wanting,” said the children, and in the fervor of their

affection they crowned both father and mother.

Tell me: was not the love of these children more fragrant than the flowers of which their garlands were composed? At the door of the cottage in which they lived, perchance, the honeysuckle twined, and beds of pinks and roses grew near; but through the open windows of that cottage they did not send such sweetness as filled that happy home from the blooming of such earnest, mutual love.

You know what I mean now by the fragrance of a pure and gentle life; as the flower is sweet to the smell, so is such a life to the Spirit. It may belong to you, as it belonged to Jesus when a child in his lowly home; for if you love *him*, you will be *like* him.

“The breeze blew fragrant from the hills,
The blue lake gently murmured near:
But sweeter than the mountain’s flower,
And purer than the water clear,
Was Sharon’s rose beneath that roof,
The holy child so pure and fair;

In meek obedience, year by year,
Love's perfect pattern, lingering there.

"Then often let your thought discern
That cottage-home in Galilee,
And from this pure example learn
What Christian children ought to be;
Show in your home and in your heart
Obedient love and duteous care,
And Christ, who was a peasant child,
Will come himself and bless you there."

Just at this point, there is one thing more I want to tell you: The life you live cannot have this winning sweetness without *sincerity*. You know what that means. You must be what you profess to be. The perfume of the rose is not put on as you put on a garment. You may sprinkle sweet odors on waxen flowers, but sooner or later the wax will smell through. So if your words are kind while your feelings are unkind, if your face is full of smiles while your heart is full of envy and ill-will, you will not be able to keep the falsehood from smelling through all these pleasant looks

and friendly words. If a flower were to exhale sweetness one day and anything but sweetness the next, you would fling it away, the more impatiently for the disappointment it had created. Insincerity will soon cause others to shun you as you would shun the deceiving flower.

Harry Holbeach, of whom I have told you before, had a conscience that was above deceit or concealment. In a certain little chapel one Sunday he managed unthinkingly to fumble off one of the knots of the cushion that covered the seat in the pew. Greatly alarmed at the deed, he carried off the knot and hid it away. But his conscience made him wretched. That button, small matter as it was, was yet property, and he felt that he was bound to confess what he had done and give it up. At last he one day burst into tears at his mother's knee, made confession and expressed a desire to ask forgiveness of God.

On another occasion he was out of doors

flinging stones with other children. At last a window was broken, and the boy that flung the stone was seized and reprimanded, while the rest of the troop, and Harry among them, ran away. But this would not do for him; so the next day he went straight to the man whose window had been broken, and said.

“Sir, I did not throw the stone that broke your window, but I was one of the boys, and I was setting a bad example.”

At the time this occurred little Harry was not seven years old. From that early conscientiousness he grew up to be just to others, never wounding their feelings if he could help it, and being happiest himself when he made others happy.

The fragrance of a sincerely unselfish life *cannot be hidden.*

You have seen some little modest flower half concealed in a garden nook, rising but a little way above the ground, yet blossoming sweetly all its little life. Its bosom

opens to the glad sunbeams, its green leaves rustle softly in the pleasant summer wind; but, lowly and content, it never strives to push its way to notice. Of all who walk the garden paths, and rest in its bowers, few have seen the meek-eyed blossom. Its rare fragrance, sweeter than ever at evening-time, alone betrays its presence to your search.

Just such a life was little Jane's—so lowly that few would have missed her had her little feet grown weary and faltered by the way. Yet to the small circle brightened by her presence she was almost all the cheering that it had. Nearly all day long a little brother and sister were her constant care while her mother went out to earn their food.

I do not know what they would have thought to hear an angry word from her lips.

All day she labored for the little ones, making their clothes, preparing their food, and when the resting-time came, sitting

down on the low door-stone with them, and singing the brightest, sweetest hymns, and reading them such stories as she had in her few books.

She was a blessing too in all that poor neighborhood. The fragrance of even such a lowly flower is often widespread. Many a careless, gossiping mother has felt rebuked by Jane's tidy room and faithfulness to her little charge, and been induced by her example also to improve. Many a poor ignorant soul has blessed her for the precious pages from her little Testament she has taken time to read to them. Many a poor sick child has had all the weary day brightened by only a ten minutes' visit from her in the morning. It was seldom she came empty-handed, though so poor herself.

What was the secret of her beautiful life? She was one of Christ's dear children, and he taught her day by day how to be useful in the world—how to make her life fragrant with generous, self-denying deeds of love.

Such is the story told of a flower that was among the most humble, and yet poured out its sweetness far and wide. True it is that the fragrance of a sincerely unselfish life cannot be hidden.

Here we come to another lesson, taught by the fact that perfumes were used in ancient times in connection with acts of worship. I will speak to you only of the Jews, and of the occasions on which they used sweet-smelling substances in obedience to the command of God.

When the Lord instructed Moses concerning the priesthood and the tabernacle, he was told to take sweet spices, with pure frankincense, and make a perfume and put it in the tabernacle as an offering. He was also told to mix myrrh, cinnamon, calamus and cassia with olive oil, and to anoint with this the altars and other furniture of the tabernacle, and the priests themselves.

Then there was an altar upon which sweet incense was burned every morning when the

lamps were trimmed, and every evening when the lamps were lighted. As often as the high priest entered the most holy place he was required to carry the censer in his hand, from which clouds of perfume arose and enveloped the mercy-seat.

When the anointing oil was applied to the furniture of the sacred tabernacle, and to Aaron and his sons, it meant that they were set apart for God's service; and when the fragrant smoke of the burning incense rose from the altar, and from the censer, it was the symbol of the prayers that are offered by every one who sincerely worships the true God.

The sacred perfumes were not to be imitated and applied to ordinary use. This meant that the soul's consecration to God must be entire and undivided, and at the same time sincere—not a pretence, but a reality, not denoted by unmeaning words, but by a pure and constant love.

Sanctification and prayer—these are

meant by the oil and the incense. Let us look at each.

What is sanctification now? Just what it has always been. It is more than being touched with perfumed oil. That was only a sign. Nor did the sign always hold good, for sometimes those who were thus set apart for the service of God did not serve him at all. Sanctification is the work of God's own Spirit. He alone can make the soul pure, and stamp it with his own image, and fill it with his own love for ever. Remember too that all this comes through faith in the Son of God as your Saviour from sin, who when he died purchased the right to wash your soul and inspire it with holy love.

If you are sanctified, then all you have and all you are is God's for ever. Every member of your body is his. The eye and the ear, the touch, the taste and the smell, all unite in glorifying him. You are a priest in his temple, offering the daily sacrifice of love and the obedience of love at

his altar. It matters not what these acts of love may be or where the altar is. When Noah left the ark, he built an altar, and offered burnt-offerings upon it; and when the smoke of these offerings went up, "the Lord smelled a sweet savor." And so he does now when you bring to him the sacrifice of a contrite heart and the deeds of love that flow out of such a heart. Let God have your heart, and then your life will be a perpetual sacrifice, acceptable to him.

The priest, kindling the fire in the temple at Jerusalem, performed not a more acceptable service than the Christian boy who tended the flocks of a very irreligious man. The man not only hated religion himself, but ridiculed it in others. Do you think it was hard to show the mark of consecration there? The boy who had been anointed and set apart by Jesus, the great High Priest, for his service did not find it hard. He tried to do his own duty faithfully; and example goes a long way with the worst of

people. But he did more. He talked with his master and mistress often, and so respectfully and solemnly that they were awed in spite of themselves. They believed in William's religion, if they did not in that of any one else. By and by he got them to go to church with him, and at last the poor hardened man and his unchristian wife were all broken down and humble at the feet of Jesus. They established family worship, and lived consistently the rest of their lives.

The poor boy had no closet to pray in—no little room of his own where he could be alone with God. His only place of retirement was a little sheep-cote, which became the dearest spot on earth to him. Years after, when he was far away in a heathen land toiling hard for the perishing millions of China, his heart turned lovingly to that cold little shelter from the winter's storms where he used to commune with his Father above.

Thus is every child consecrated who loves Jesus. His office is a priestly one, for he watches the fire of love that God's Spirit has kindled in his own heart, and holds the torch of truth to other hearts that they too may be enlightened and saved.

You can do much for the Saviour if you will. You can love him much, and then you will be sure to do what you can; and that is all an angel can do.

You remember the story of the alabaster box of very precious ointment that was poured upon the Saviour's head as he sat at meat, and you remember how the loving disciple who presented this costly offering to her Lord washed his feet with her tears. Did you not think when you read that story that the tears were more precious to him than the costly perfume? Had there been no tears, had the heart been hard and unbroken and had the anointing been a mere form, it would have been worthless to him. So it is that every tear from a broken, con-

trite heart is worth more to him than rivers of oil. But without love and the obedience of love all the pretended homage you pay to God, though you were to bring him gold and frankincense and myrrh, is only an offence to him. To his ancient people, when he warned them not to walk contrary to his way, God said, "I will not smell the savor of your sweet odors;" and when they did disobey, he said, "I will not smell in your solemn assemblies."

Be sure, then, that your heart is right, and let nothing enter by any inlet to defile it. Say, and truly say—

"I will turn the key in the door of my heart,
So that no one may venture within,
And then I will silently root out the weeds
Of discontent, sorrow and sin.

"The roots have grown strong, and will take time, I fear,
Before I can tear them away;
But I'll just kneel down and whisper to God
To help me uproot them each day.

"There is one little cell quite filled with my tears,
That have silently fallen within;

But though they were shed through countless long years,
They would not kill the strong roots of sin.

“So I’ll keep near to Jesus, the Friend ever sure,
Who died for my guilt to atone,
That, grafted in him, the life now impure
May grow into life like his own.”

Yes, pray to the Saviour that the fragrance of his life may be imparted to you. The oil and the incense go together. “Let my prayer,” said King David, “be set forth before thee as incense.” God loves prayer, because it is a child’s confession of dependence and want. It is the guilty soul looking to him for pardon, the weak soul leaning upon him for strength, the hungry soul asking him for bread. And as the incense that was burned in the temple was to be lighted with the fire God had provided, so the desires that burn in the soul and appeal to the love and the mercy of your Father in heaven must be set on fire with the coal from off God’s altar. Therefore the prayer that brings down the true spirit of prayer is, “Lord, teach us to pray.”

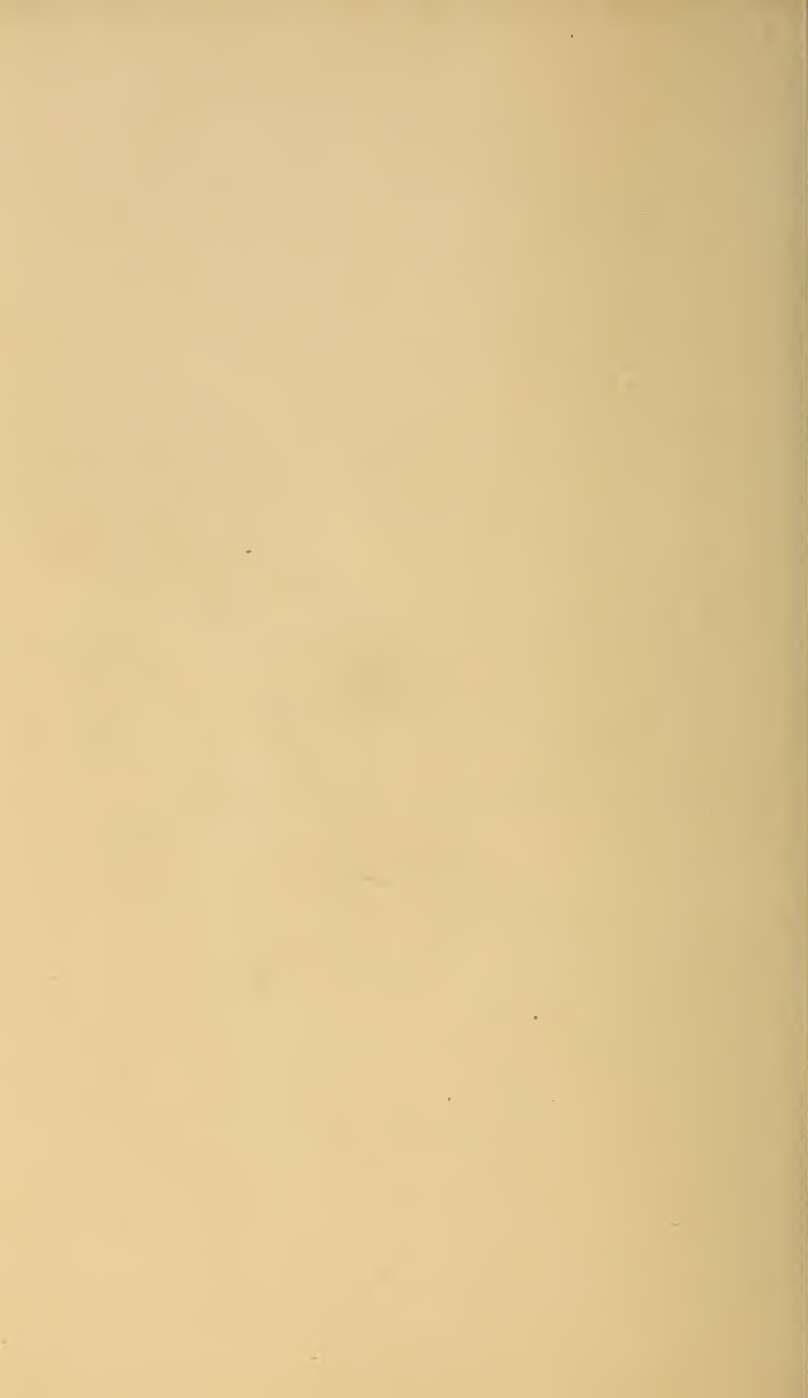
Thus inspired by the Hearer of prayer, it matters not whose the prayer may be. It may be the prayer of the little girl who went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and who, when she came in, said, "Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out of doors." "And what did you pray for?" "I prayed the snow-prayer that I learned once in Sunday-school: Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."

Or it may be only the prayer of the poor chimney-sweep who, in answer to the question, "Do you ever pray?" replied, "Oh yes, sir." "And when do you do it? You go out very early in the morning, do you not?" "Yes, sir, and we are only half awake when we leave the house. I think about God, but cannot say I pray then." "When, then, do you pray?" "You see, sir, our master tells us to mount the chimney quickly, but does not forbid us to rest a little when we are at the top. Then I sit on the chimney and pray." "And what do you

say?" "Oh, very little, sir. I know no grand words with which to speak to God. Most frequently I only repeat two verses that I learned at school: 'God be merciful to me a sinner'—'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my Redeemer.'"

Treasure in your heart the meaning of the perfumed oil and the fragrant incense. Never be weary of watching the inlets and outlets through which thoughts and impressions come and go. Never be weary of striving and looking for greater purity of heart and life.

"Oh that there were some new token,
Fresh and bright, that we might bring,
Some sweet language yet unspoken,
Some new song that we might sing;
Something bright saved from the hours,
Act of love or word of cheer,
Ripened wheat or fragrant flowers
Gleaned from every passing year!"





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